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LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARCIA HOPE.

I cannot speak the word!
Far better thus to part in voiceless woe—
We shall not meet again,
So let our hot tears mingle as they flow.

It dies upon my lips
Unuttered. No, I cannot say farewell—
But look into these eyes,
And let their glances love, undying, tell!

Clasp thou my hand in thine,
And kiss it where thy gift once proudly shone.
Thy gift! I dare not think!
One swift hour hence and I shall be alone.

Smoothe my hair tenderly!
Thy touch recalls the old-time happiness—
Murmur low, loving words,
Let me forget that 'tis thy last caress.

I know thine agony
By the pale lip compressed—the tearful eye—
The long, sad, wistful look,
As if to stamp my face on memory.

The hour is past and gone!
Keep me, O! keep me ever in thy heart!
Whisper my name in dreams.
Sometimes forget that we have been apart.

Look in my eyes once more;
Read the farewell my lips can never frame;
A perfect trust in thee—
Steadfast and true, though all conspire to blame.

I feel thy burning tears
Upon my brow—the baptism of our faith!
Keep thou for aye thy trust—
Faithful through life, and constant still in death.

A MERE FLIRTATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE AVENEL,

AUTHOR OF "A BLASTED LIFE."

"Harvey! I am thinking of marrying," exclaimed Egbert Wallace one fine afternoon, as he sat admiring the play of the sunlight over his brilliantly polished boots, and smoking the most inimitably pointed of fragrant cigars, in company with his familiar spirit, Harvey Heckman.

"You astound me!" ejaculated Harvey, coolly, continuing to smoke his own cigar, and looking less astounded than anything human ever did before under the influence of surprise. "You positively astound me, my dear fellow," he drawled again, and knocked off the accumulated ashes from his Cuban "fire-fly."

Harvey Heckman was one of the best creatures in the world, plain but charming. It is told of him, that on one occasion, when looking in the glass, he had pathetically remarked to Egbert Wallace: "Bert, do you know that if I was another fellow, I would cut the acquaintance of a man as ugly as I am?" Nature seemed to have changed her original intentions with regard to his countenance, and chipped off his expression in a manner that was simply exasperating. His chin was blighted in the bud; his nose a lasting disappointment; but if you talk of friendship, there was never a truer friend. Want of sympathy of feature did not accompany want of constancy in regard. He did not envy Egbert the external advantages which Heaven had bestowed upon him, and loved him "even as a brother loveth."

"Marry—h—a—m," muttered he, between his teeth, "courageous man!"

"Yes! marry," returned Egbert; "I am tired of living without a purpose. Whom do you think I had better take?"

"You men resolved upon suicide always ask that question, as if the gardens of the houris were open before them wherein to choose. How do you know that the woman you may want to marry, will take you?"

Egbert smiled and caressed his moustache like a man who had been, and seen, and conquered till the mere effort for victory was an exertion, then dropping this expression, assumed for the purpose of restoring Harvey to good humor, he replied—

"I have not the slightest idea that I shall be more fortunate than other people in that respect; still I can but try. Do you know—now I mention this to you in confidence—that I am a kind of fellow to take some things quite to heart? If I loved a woman, *loved* her, mind, as I could love, and she behaved badly to me, it would—why I think it would kill me."

The reader will have the kindness to imagine a Hercules of thirty, with broad, massive shoulders, and corresponding height, eyes full of resolute fire, a handsome, firm mouth, the "laughing hair," spoken of by the ancient poets, clustering in a thousand ripples over a forehead of superb proportions, and associate these personal advantages and this physical force with a confession of a capability for dying "if a woman behaved badly to him!"

Harvey laughed, feebly.

"What a strange question of the soul, is love!" resumed Egbert. "It makes up life and kills; it stimulates and enervates. It is at once the deepest joy and the saddest sorrow. It gives renewed being, but it brings also death!"

Harvey closed his eyes, gasped as if about to faint; languidly extended his hand in the direction of a glass of sherry, and found himself in an exhausted manner with his faintly perfumed handkerchief.

"Don't now, Bert, that's a good fellow! By-the-by, did you not once before form some plan for settling into a Benedict? I thought you went to Paris with some such desperate purpose. Did you not follow the pretty widow, Julia Costyr, there?" resumed Harvey, speaking as if life would not sustain an effort beyond that of suppressing his friend's poetics.

"She's married! Paris! don't talk to me of Paris! I remember how we went there, you and I, came into the very midst of the revolution, helped build up the barricades; and I wrote home what I then considered a tremendous and thrilling article—wherein I talked about the days to come for 'fairest and noblest France.' How I did expatiate upon the 'throbbing, impatient heart of a glorious nation, about to rise into magestic perfection,' and all that sort of thing; and now Paris is *only* Paris. The great heart is rated and dead, it would seem, to all nobler aims. As B——— says, 'the mountain has brought forth—a rat.'"

"Be more respectful to his imperial majesty. Lucky fellow! you're not one of his relations. Above all be patient. *God's mills grind slowly*," responded Harvey.

"We went to the play on purpose to see Julia Costyr in her *love*; don't you remember? and found it utterly impossible to consider French tragedy as a serious thing—the actors all seemed to me to be joking upon facts of the most painful description."

"And we saw the English heiress whom *Lieutenant* Alford wanted you to make up to, the red-haired girl with the flame-colored complexion, and the long, thin form, something like a civilized flamingo. And you wrote about her on Lady Tremaine's fan:

"'Nay, how can she be fair?
Who hath Vesuvius in her face,
And Etna in her hair?'"

"I remember my impertinence; but, to return to America. Whom shall I marry?"

"M—a—r—r—y; let me see—suppose you go back and see if the English bird is yet to be caught. The voyage will give you time to reflect upon this, to me, I confess, most trying subject. Or, didn't somebody, somewhere, say that she had a beautiful sister? Suppose you go back and try to hunt up said beautiful sister, eh?"

"I really don't feel disposed to oblige you, my dear Harvey, in this particular."

"Suppose you marry Ella Freeman?"

"Too fond of display; spends too much time in dressing," replied Egbert, waving his hand as if Miss Freeman was in the room, undergoing criticism, and he was royally dismissing her.

"Time to dress; you unreasonable monster! why should she not? The same time devoted to an elaborate drawing would be considered well spent; and what can you see prettier, when she has curled her blonde ringlets, assumed her silken vesture, and descended from her boudoir to beam upon society with a smile which practice has made perfect. I consider Miss Freeman a very complete specimen—"

"Of art?"

"Well! well! what would you have? The prettiest woman is not half so pretty in the morning; and what horrible objects we are, my dear boy, when we have not yet shaved. Hecate herself is lovely, in comparison. Disordered hair on a woman's head may be poetic; but I never saw any that was so, unless the disorder was studied. The youngest face will show fatigue or sorrow if Aurora treacherously steals in her light upon it. Pause and reflect, my young friend," concluded he, solemnly. "Miss Freeman is a good match."

"If this is quite the same thing to you, Harvey," replied Egbert, smiling, "I'd rather not marry Miss Freeman."

"Take Marianne Vincent, then. She is as lovely as the wife whom the great king slew in his jealous rage, and mourned for vainly when her eyes were closed in death. Moral—never be jealous."

"Handsome, I grant you; but too dark; I prefer a white wife."

"Take the original of the bust we saw in in P———'s studio."

"*Apage, Satanas!* That woman, never! Glorious though, was she not? You fairly hated the sculptor for making marble, that purest thing, the medium of anything so utterly voluptuous as that woman's face. No human mouth ever before breathed such uncurbed passion as those mute, but eloquent lips. No, I do not want a wife of snow, it would chill me; but Lola Desbrough, never, never! She is too royal in her ways, besides. No! give me a woman tender rather than impassioned, loving and gentle, not fiery and imperious, not like Lola, looking as if she were driving the chariot of triumph over the necks of kings. I want a woman wife, not one of those imperial mistakes, a feminine sovereign off a throne. Give me 'Eyes that were made to sigh,' 'eyes that can weep' if I have a sorrow; eyes which can glitter with tears if I suffer—a heart that was made—"

"To break?"

"No—*to love*, but as I said, with tenderness rather than with passion. Besides, what would Lola be without her menagerie and surroundings? The immortality of Lola's love would last till robes of gorgeous dye become coarse, and then I should have the role of an exiled queen."

"But with your fortune and here—"

"Mine excellent Harvey, we live in America, where the millionaire of to-day may be the beggar of to-morrow; and I am not a millionaire. I leave 'dame Europa,' and do not mean to cut my native soil again, and like our good friend Baldwin, carry my riches among strangers. Who of us here may not become suddenly poor? Such commercial, social, and financial changes as every day occurs peril the most certain fortunes. Would Lola be a wife to settle and comfort in adversity and sickness? Is she one who, even in the endurance of prosperity, could sympathize with a man's higher aspirations? Do you think I would marry a woman from whom I must hide the inner chambers of my soul, and wear a mask before her to conceal that which is noblest? Do you think that selfish woman would be willing to have anything in a man's soul that was not wholly hers? No, I would marry to rise into a higher, because a better and more unselfish life. I wish to not cut all of life, the full scope of man's role. With Lola I could but sink into a lower grade of existence. Mere wedding is not marriage. Lola has no religious feeling nor inclination, and I would not trust my honor with a woman who receives and believes in no aid superior to that her own intelligence affords, and who knows no other motive than self-love. A woman of a type simply seductive, an uncultivated woman like Lola seems to me to be half-savage, and my taste is not barbarian."

"You believe in ideal marriages then?"

"I do. I have seen marriages in which the noblest phase that human life is capable of is attained. In my eyes a man is not a man who is not married. There must be a defect in that life which voluntarily defeats the obvious purpose of heaven in giving man the power to be at once honored and happy."

"Well—if a fellow is rich—"

"Rich, just heaven! I do not mean to buy a wife! Do you think I would marry a woman who *knew* or cared that I was rich?" and Egbert sprang from his chair and began to exercise his fine proportions in an agitated walk up and down the room.

"I must have a wife, *mine*," he resumed, "mine, because of her perfect love for me; one whose affection I shall have proved, whose truth I shall have tried, one whom the withdrawal of my affection would destroy, one to whom I would not speak an unkind word, because it would wound her; one whose heart would yearn for me in my absence, and beat with joy at my coming; one with whom life will be a sweet and sacred joy, whose warm, soft lips would meet my kiss with one as true and as tender; who would not sell her own honor with a faithless thought, and upon whose bosom I could lay my dying head, sure that death, when her life ended, would waft her soul with mine into the presence of that God at whose feet every vail of the soul falleth away."

"There is no such woman," replied Harvey, somewhat awed by his friend's earnestness.

"There was one—my mother, and she is dead."

After a moment's silence Harvey spoke again.

"The widow of Col. Harper seems to me a very fine woman. Somewhat grand and solemn, however."

"Too tragic by half," replied Egbert, calming himself; "these Rachels and Risteris of domestic life are anything but agreeable. Cleopatra is awkward in crinoline, and Esther in a fashionable bonnet is a flagrant error. Besides, I expect a wife to obey me."

"Fra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!" began Harvey, imparting a polka movement to the sherry glasses by drumming upon the table—"do you indeed? Now if you had preferred obeying your wife I should have advised your taking Bella Rushton."

"Thank you; your heartfelt solicitude in my behalf, my dear boy, is a thing for which I desire to express myself deeply grateful. I do not like, and never did like your women who talk about horses, smoke cigarettes and wear jackets of a mannish cut. Bella is a girl who certainly affords others a rapid example, but she cultivates too high an action as she informed me the other day was the case with her mare. She imparted an intelligence of quite a serious character concerning the fetlocks of the beast, and in a confidential tone; and then conveyed the same startlingly painful communication to young Fraser in the same affectionate whisper. Your recommending Miss Rushton to me, mine excellent Harvey, strongly reminds me of my own unpardonable audacity with regard to a snuffy old bachelor friend of mine. I knew a painfully plain old maid in whose heart he held a tender place, and took my friend to see her. When we departed I expatiated upon her amiable qualities, for I knew the old boy was 'hard up,' and that the rich Miss Kitty Johnson was a worthy soul. 'Yes,' replied he to my questions as to the impression she had produced upon him. 'She is just the sort of person for a man to recommend his friend to marry.'"

"And so no wedding took place between the Gorgon and the snuffy individual in question?"

"No indeed."

"I declare," exclaimed Egbert, examining his own countenance in the mirror with quite a downcast air. "It positively makes me low-spirited to reflect that I do not know a woman whom I would marry."

"Pathetic, certainly. Oh! where shall we find a David for this Saul? An idea! Suppose we go to the opera and look round. I know at least a hundred women whom I would marry if *I* was rich."

"In the name of the prophet do you calmly propose a seraglio to your Christian friend?"

"We can visit several *loges*, and I will introduce you to several families. Young budding maidens shall greet you with rosy smiles—"

"Heaven forefend! I positively forbid you to introduce me to a single girl who has not been at least two years away from school. The mere smile of one of these 'budding maidens,' as you call them, makes me feel as if some one were pushing me down a precipice at the bottom of which is a vacuum. Ignorance, my dear Harvey, is not innocence."

"I believe you; give me the woman who resists the influence of the world because she is above temptation, not because she ignores it. We might meet some one at the play—suppose we try that? I prefer the play to the opera; you know my nerves cannot stand much music at once."

"Thank you, I am tired of hearing actors say a-n-g-e-l as if the word was a yard and a quarter long. I consider it an insult to call any actress, however mediocre, a seraphic being more than once in five minutes. The opera I consent to therefore. I will meet you at the club at eight and rally female."

"*Ave! vincere aut mori!*" exclaimed Harvey. Vanishing with a wave of his hat.

* * * *

The opera was Norma; Medori the prima donna of the night. The house was brilliant, many of the faces were fair, but Egbert, after a long survey of them all, shrugged his shoulders and resumed his place, looking resignedly at Harvey.

At this moment a tall, finely developed military-looking man, who limped slightly, entered one of the stage boxes, preceded by a girl of about twenty-two years of age, whose countenance instantly riveted Egbert's eye. Her hair was chestnut, her eyes dark hazel, her complexion fair and rosy, her eyebrows and eyelashes black. Her features were not one of them regular, yet so captivating was their expression, so sweet and animated that she enchanted every gazer. The characteristic of her face was fascination. She often outshone women of much more symmetrical beauty of feature. The winning power of her eyes it is impossible to describe.

"Do you know her?" said Egbert to Harvey Heckman.

"It is Edith Wilford."

"Introduce me."

"Wait till Miss Wilford is seated and Medori enters. She is about coming upon the stage, it will not do to rise just now."

Egbert fervently wished Medori restored to her native Italy—but resumed his place and remained resignedly seated until the prima-donna had been properly received.

The sacred hymn of the Druidess had not begun when Harvey Heakman and Egbert found their way to Colonel Wilford's *loge*. Lathrop Wilford, the son and heir, immediately recognized Harvey, and Colonel Wilford's intimate acquaintance with Heckman admitted of the latter bringing a friend to the box in which the Wilford family were seated. Egbert Wallace was too well and honorably known to be refused an introduction anywhere, and, in a moment more, he found himself seated beside the beautiful daughter of Colonel Ormsby Wilford, now a merchant prince and *bon vivant*.

Edith Wilford had been trained and educated for society by her father alone. Colonel Wilford was a widower. He had formerly been an excellent officer in the American army, but the little opportunity at that time afforded for honorably serving his country had but brought him the ill luck of a wound which caused a permanent contraction of a lower limb, and prevented him from mounting upon horseback. His father, Gordon Wilford, died at this time, leaving a large fortune, acquired as a merchant, and requesting his only son to continue the business in which his wealth had been acquired. Colonel Wilford did so, and in five years tripled the patrimony; but as the house still existed, such are the financial changes which constantly occur, that although there seemed little risk in the few speculations in which its funds were engaged, no one could prophesy whether Edith and Lathrop would be wealthy heirs or beggars.

"It is a touching story, that of Norma," said Egbert to Edith, as they watched the prima donna. "In spite of her sacred character, the poor Druidess must perish because of the grandest feeling in nature—that of love."

"It is always unwise to give the heart away," replied Edith.

"It is often, not always, unwise, for, strange it is, though true, that that quality of intense love which is man's noblest human quality, and the secret of all self-abnegation, is too frequently woman's crime. Man's crown is her brand."

"I believe in a power to control love. It should not be exaggerated."

"It cannot be exaggerated if real," replied Egbert, bending towards his lovely companion, whose face, as she spoke, was raised to his.

"Look at the action of that man," said Edith, in order to change the subject, and the direction of Egbert's look. "Do you not think that the Indians use the arms differently from what we do?"

"Yes. You should see Grisi strike the shield. What a Norma she is! Acting equaled her last scene in that opera."

At this moment the door of the box opened, and admitted a gentleman, who entered the opera-box as he ended my story, as if he was at home there.

Marcus Brinton was a character. He resembled no one else. His cold, expressionless, correctly-chiselled face was mask-like in its immobility, and seldom varied its expression except to a calm, well-bred, even an elegant smile. His superb teeth gleamed occasionally for an instant, and then you almost wondered whether lightning had flashed across his face, or something meant for a smile. He went everywhere, knew everybody, liked no one, and was liked by but a few. His cynical manner was the sincere expression of a belief in no one. He had no *agrément de société*—neither drew, danced, played in charades or private theatricals, nor sang, nor did he compose verses. He was a good shot, but never touched a card. If a gentleman was mentioned as a fine singer, he sneered; if verses were spoken of as being the production of any favorite of fashion, judging from the expression of Mr. Brinton's countenance, you might have supposed writing verses to be the lowest dot of which degraded humanity is capable. How people contrived to dance in his presence is a mystery, for had the airy denizens of the *beau monde* been Bayaderes, he could not, when looking at them, have distorted his handsome, high-bred countenance into anything more hideously *blasé* and sarcastic.

To return to the previous inmates of the opera-box. Edith Wilford was an instance of a high-spirited, naturally noble-minded, but misguided girl, brought up by a selfish father in obedience to his theory of life and education. Taught by her father to be entirely incredulous as to the existence of real love, she never remembered the companion of the moment beyond that moment. Men's hearts, which she did not consider capable of any real feeling, were playthings to her.

"One word, my daughter," the colonel had said to her on the evening of her *début* in society. "You have beauty, talent, a fine voice, a *grand air*—now remember on the battle-field of the world of fashion, the more conquests you make, the better settlement you will finally effect, for, as a belle, you can choose your *parti!* Preserve your coolness, 'pick out your man' after a season or so, 'fire and bring him down,' and then refer him to me. I will take him into consideration. Do not allow many to go so far as to propose; it makes a girl have enemies, although the rumor of a few rejections on your part will do you no harm. You understand, my dear, when you find the right man."

"I am to fire, bring him down, pick him up, and *refer* him to you," replied Edith, with a burst of merry laughter. "I go to my post."

"But, above all things, remember what I have always taught you. Do not fall in love. *Men never really do.* All you hear about that sort of thing is stuff. There is no such thing as love *out of novels*. Remember that, my dear."

With this highly moral code and law of action, Edith Wilford was launched upon society.

"You need not imagine," she would say at the end of her third season, when her admirers' names were legion. "You need not imagine that you can make me believe that you love me." And she would coolly survey some enamored swain whose efforts to cause himself to be accredited were really touching. "You talk to us all, you know; you tell us all the same thing, but," with a tossing of her fingers, "I, for one, do not believe you."

"But, Miss Wilford, "if the devotion of a life—"

"Oh! a life! No, thank you. You say this to me to-day—to-morrow you will say it to another. I am the 'Cynthia of the moment.' To-morrow you will say to a brunette what you say to a blonde to-day. I am the admired of the hour." And the unlucky beau of the moment would find himself to be, say, number one hundred and ninety-nine of the offerings laid upon Miss Edith's shrine, whereon, if the victims did not perish, they certainly writhed.

Mr. Brinton stopped to speak to Edith, who signed to him to be silent—for Medori at that moment began the Casta Diva.

That wondrous music, born of Bellini's loftiest inspiration, rose, like incense from an ancient altar, upon the silent, listening air. Every breath was held as the silvery notes, one by one, dropped into space with more than earthly harmony. Dew, falling into a silver vase, could not have produced a sound more perfectly sweet and utterly soothing. The Druidess called upon the chaste goddess, to whose mystic rites her own life would finally be given in expiation, and calm and majestic, with her awful secret preying upon her heart, listened with half her senses for the tramp of the Roman soldiers, for her husband's trend, for the consul's stately footsteps, yet remained placid and resigned. Death in her soul, the long, weary misery of "hope

[illegible]," and from her breast the loveliest [illegible]. It seem, in reality, it grew to be a thing that seemed to hang like an angel above her, and when the last notes of that sacred inspiration trembled forth, applause heard upon the same like an echoing. Where is the fitting offering to genius? Not gold, not applause, not [illegible].

Harvey returned to seek his friend.

"I do not advise you to remain," said he, in a low voice, as Edith turned to reply to some remark addressed to her by Marcus Brinton.

"She is a sad flirt. Come with me."

Egbert stirred not. The angel of destiny, whose hand never pauses, wrote upon her tablets of imperishable stone that he should remain.

* * * * * * *

The winter had gone; spring came smiling, dancing, flushing, and the fragrant month of May found Egbert beside Edith Wilford in the parlor of her father's elegant residence. Her brother Lothrop sat at the end of the long room hard at work on a Greek theme. He had not shaken down easily on leaving college. The piano was open. Edith's rich voice had risen in many a song. Her companion had blended his full tenor with her soprano notes in several duets. Schubert's Farewell lay upon the instrument.

"Do not sing that air of Schubert's," said Egbert, as Lothrop left the room in search of a Greek play. "Do not sing the word farewell, it is a painfully word."

"Why not?" said Edith, in reply; "we must all say farewell, sometime."

"When we die, we meet," said Egbert, "that is the true pang of death—the parting." His voice was low and tender.

"Yet it must come," responded Edith, lightly. "So rose the world away."

Egbert took both her hands, and bending towards her with the noblest, the most ardent, the purest love breathing from every feature, he whispered—

"Why must *we* ever part, Edith?"

"What a noble face he has!" she thought. "He looks as if his heart would stop *if* I spoke unkindly; and yet my father says that this is all acting." She withdrew her hands.

"Edith!" exclaimed Egbert.

At this moment the man-servant opened the parlor door, and ushered in Mark Brinton.

Egbert had been overpowered with emotion. He had been about to ask Edith that question upon which the happiness, the repose, the security of his future life depended. How in the few months that he had known her this girl had become the queen of his soul, had entered his heart and reigned therein, was what he did not himself understand. But so it was—he loved her.

He endeavored to catch her eye, for he wished to outwit Mark Brinton, and know his fate that day. Edith avoided his look; and the noble, good, candid, gallant, and kind young man against whom the cruel, cold incredulity her father had taught her, was rising up within her heart, bowed sadly and ceremoniously to her, and left the room.

"The air is delightful without, Miss Wilford," said Mark Brinton, in his usual cold, measured tones to the girl, who, as she saw Egbert turn away, felt as though a chasm had been opened in the heart of creation and she was sinking therein.

"Delightful," she replied, dreamily.

"You look thoughtful, Miss Wilford," said Brinton, taking a cold survey of her countenance.

Mark Brinton was, as I have said, a species of human iceberg, yet somewhere within him a ray of what was warmer than admiration, of what ordinary mortals call love, created a desire to call Miss Wilford his wife. He designed bestowing his name upon her, appropriating her, and inflicting upon her the penance of his constant society. She was called beautiful, and he considered her so; was talented, and at home in society. She should be Mrs. Marcus Percival Brinton. Bedecked with this aristocratic cognomen, she should be permitted to shine, and he would bestow upon her the occasional beams of his approbation. The advantages of living near a human refrigerator, may, however, be doubted.

Fancy the congealing, as it were, of the very heart, the suppression of every kind emotion, the impossibility of joyousness, the utter suppression of the gladness which accompanies every innocent being, the early *ageing* of the heart in the society of such a man!

Mark Brinton had observed that for some time past, Edith had been more engrossed in the society of Egbert Wallace than it was her habit to be with her admirers. Edith had, in truth, been always as lonely, as companionless, as unmoved among those who had sought and flattered her, as any nun in her convent-cell. Brinton had called that morning, resolved to discover her feelings with regard to Egbert Wallace. He did not dare to risk a refusal.

"For the Herculean-Apollonian style of man, Wallace is certainly rather a superb creature," remarked he, as the door closed upon Egbert's parting salutation.

Mr. Brinton's countenance were the sneer I have endeavored to describe.

"Intellectual, too, I am told; talks well, writes well, and sings well," continued he, scrutinizing Edith's countenance to discover the blush which he half expected would arise at the praise of her admirer, but Psyche ere Cupid's earliest kiss was not more placid than the beautiful woman before him.

"You do not appear to admire the Magnus Apollo, Miss Wilford," said Brinton.

"He is all very well," replied Edith, indignant at this inquisitorial torture, "but you know I am not enthusiastic. Look at those roses," she added, rising and going towards the window, where a basket-garden was placed in the recess. "See where that bee lights!" she exclaimed, as an insect wafted in by the spring-breeze, flew over the flowers—"he is more useful than you are, bearing away his burden which is only a fine powder to-day."

Mr. Brinton was obviously under the necessity of concluding his visit, about as wise concerning the state of Edith's affection as he had been previous to making it.

Egbert could not remain absent from Edith. Her averted eyes had wounded him, but the spell was over him, the thrall upon him. He returned that evening. There was a ball at Colonel Wilford's house, and when he entered, Edith was engaged in a triple flirtation, which embraced a Spanish colonel, a Russian count, and a German baron. These being the lions of the evening, they had thought proper to engross Miss Wilford's attention. Edith did not turn as Egbert entered; but when her eyes, falling upon the country squire, beheld her of his approach, she pushed her bracelets back towards herself, laughed her blithe laughing far again and seemed to wonder vaguely what old Jona had at [illegible] to do with it."

and fastened impatiently upon her beautiful arm.

Harvey Hackman, who had accompanied Egbert, approached Edith. The three foreigners, who had another, asked her to dance, but she declined—and manœuvring her brother by a gesture, as she made her fan, of humming-bird's feathers, gleam in the light so as to catch his eye, she requested Lothrop to introduce those distinguished guests to some of the belles of the evening. Harvey bent over her, and remarked upon the brilliancy of the ball. Edith gave him some vague reply. She was pondering over Egbert's words in the morning, and saying to herself that it was but a part of the cruel game which her father had told her was the favorite pastime of men of the world.

One day she had gone to the Colonel, her father, with the last volume of Paul and Virginia in her hand—

"Don't you think, papa," said the young creature, whose soul was sickening for a belief in that tender, pure reality by which women live as the flowers by celestial dew. "Do you not think, papa, that Paul loved Virginia?"

"Don't read any more of that infernal trash," replied the Colonel. "It's all stuff! L-o-v-e-d V-i-r-g-i-n-i-a," drawled he, with a sneer. "Do you suppose that there is a word of truth, anything like real life in that confounded book? Go to your room; and do not let me hear my daughter asking any questions upon such subjects."

Harvey Hackman disliked Edith. He admired her—did full justice to her beauty and talent—but feared that a marriage between her and his friend would not confer happiness upon the latter. So he bethought himself to interfere, as friends sometimes do in such cases.

"My friend Bert," said he, "is looking most detorous this evening. That is a way he has, during these spells of love that attacks him from time to time. Desperate for the moment, you know, ready to break his heart, drown himself, stab himself, drink poison, any thing, and then the fit passes off, and Egbert Wallace is himself again."

"Ah! indeed!" said Edith, affecting indifference, but biting her under lip. "Your friend must afford his intimate the pleasure of variety at least, in the study of his idiosyncrasy."

"True, but then he would not be Egbert Wallace, if he were like everybody else."

"If she believes Bert loves her after that assertion, she does not lack credulity. Why, hang it," said Harvey, to himself, as he promenaded the winter-garden, not half satisfied with his white lie, "she would destroy him; I must save him from self-destruction. Unless she fell in love with him, which has not happened to her yet, she would drive him half distracted, even after their marriage, by standing flirtations with half New York."

His remarks had, in spite of his opinion, been addressed to a woman capable of as deep and intense a power of loving as ever abided in any human heart. It was not worn, however, "on her sleeve," for "daws to peck at." Had not her father taught her not to believe in the reality of affection?

Theory! theory! Why does any one thrust theory in the face of any one else? Why attempt to model a life, guide a human being after views the adoption of which is the result of an individual experience peculiar to an individual life, a life perhaps in itself exceptional. Colonel Wilford was sincerely incredulous. He had led a remarkably "fast" life previous to his marriage, had chosen a lovely wife, but at the time of his union with her, was trammelled by various fashionable intrigues, which, if they were confined to the higher circles of the *beau monde*, were nevertheless extremely difficult to shake off. Poor Mrs. Wilford, whose life had been a slow martyrdom, was perpetually discovering some new rock against which the matrimonial ship had run, and which threatened to sink it. She absolutely idolized her husband, who, in fact, loved her "in his way," as he condescendingly informed the woman whose life was as spiritual as his was sensual. He professed to admire her moral worth, but constantly fell into the renewed snare which met him, and which mainly resulted from the Colonel's remarkable personal attractions. It seemed impossible for him to resist a pretty woman, yet, strange to say, Emily, his wife, was handsomer than any of her rivals. Every error he would swear should be the last. "Emily," he would mentally vow, "should really have nothing further to complain of;" but Mrs. Wilford after discovering an auburn ringlet in one of his pockets from which he, in a moment of oblivion, requested her to remove a letter written to her by her mother, and receiving an amorous epistle addressed to her beloved spouse, in place of a letter which he supposed himself to be handing to her, and which had been sent to Mrs. Wilford by her brother, and after seeing a fair incognita in a close carriage with the Colonel as it passed her own *calèche*, which was being driven along Fifth avenue to the Park, after nightly vigils, which ended in her husband returning cold, sullen and weary, after a horrible scandal had been dexterously avoided by Colonel Wilford, but could not be kept secret from his wife; and after the abandonment of all her own relations because she clung to him, at last retired from the contest, probably in despair, and disgusted "the world" by dying, but not until the Colonel, laid up with a distorted limb, had recognized her true worth in the faithful nurse and fond wife. It was too late however; vitality had been undermined by sad and anxious hours, and Emily Wilford lay in Greenwood Cemetery at her thirty-sixth year, leaving Lothrop and Edith motherless.

The Colonel, therefore, had concluded that it was best for a woman not to love, or to believe in or look for love. Most men, he argued, were like himself, inconstant; secretly, if not openly. Since he had not loved his wife, in spite of her worth, it was better to educate his daughter to callousness. His conscience did not disguise from him that Emily Hawley had died of a broken heart. Edith, he said to himself, should run no such risk. Women who loved were unhappy, *la preuve*, his wife had been unhappy. The Colonel did not really believe any man to be better than himself; those who appeared so, he simply considered more skillful hypocrites than others. Edith, who had her mother's heart, would not have grown up so apparently callous, had she not adopted her father's theory; but the Colonel, no longer a beau—who ever heard of a lame Adonis?—after seeing that she had the best and most thorough instruction in music, history, drawing, dancing, and foreign tongues, launched her into society, and really derived considerable amusement from observing his daughter engaged in what he considered the harmless occupation of adding the hearts of the stronger sex. He frequently remarked to his friends that, "that girl Edith had sheet as cool a head of her head as you could find anywhere. She is not one of your sighing, sentimental, soft-hearted women;" he should add, "but knows what she is about."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA C. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1866.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "Homeward Bound;" "The Bird at Sea;" "Sleep Walking;" "An European Tour;" "Croquet and Chess."

Mr. C. L. Your name was omitted with many others, because we did not have room for a larger list of contributors. We had no intention of rejecting you as a contributor, or of putting any slight upon you.

A NEW STORY

BY

EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE.

Although Mr. Bennett's story will not be commenced until the first of next year, we do not wish our friends to delay sending in their subscriptions until that time.

We intend to have first-rate stories all through the closing months of the present year—stories which it will be worth while to read.

Therefore, send in your subscriptions at once, and commence with the present number.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Words of inspiration tell us that the angels are "ministering spirits," and to the Christian this truth is peculiarly dear. But these are unseen ministers; we feel their presence, we do not see them, and while it is a delicious thought to know that the loved are near us, it has no doubt been the means of reclaiming many a wanderer, or at least restraining him from the depths of evil he might otherwise have reached, to feel that a mother's spirit was hovering near, cognizant of all that he might do or say; and often the grief of those mourning for dear ones gone before, is lessened by the thought that they are still watching over and guarding their earthly friends.

We have other ministering angels than these,—the dear little children that cluster around our hearthstones, and entwine themselves around our hearts. Christ said, "Except ye become as little children," because He knew that no where on earth could be found that purity of thought and beautiful faith so heavenly in their nature, save in the heart of a little child. Wise and great men may argue, contend, and dispute to convince each other of some great truth; but who can withstand the endearing influence and winning ways of a sweet, little child?

The dew of morning most refreshes the summer blossoms; so the sweet, touching confidence and sublime simplicity of childhood keep fresh the flowers of affection, and prevent the heart from becoming cold and unfeeling. God bless little children, we often say as we go up and down the streets; may their hearts never grow hard, rough, and selfish. In whatever circumstances they are placed, keep them pure and holy. A sad, sad thing for the crown to slip from the little, golden-haired head, the sweet, blue eyes to mirror forth a soul all sin and darkness; the voice so soft and musical, so full of love, as the little, dimpled arms clasp our neck—husky with passion, disgusting in language, and foul with imprecation. Revolting picture! We cannot bear to think of it. And still, dear mother, this will be the case unless you take careful heed. When you fold your babe to your bosom, do you think as much of its disposition and temper as of the little, embroidered dress it wears? When you carry it to the font, are you as earnestly craving His Spirit upon it as you are eager that the baptismal robe should be of a dainty, costly material? The careful gardener prunes, lops off, and trains his vines. Do you train yours in the way that leadeth to eternal life? It is a sacred thing to be a mother. It is the highest office that mortal can attain to, and fearful is the result, if there is the least mistep or waywardness.

"TOO OLD TO LEARN."

Among the prevailing sentiments of the age, there is one peculiarly offensive, inasmuch as it debars the possessor of all future advancement, or growth in mental strength and vigor. Conversing with a young lady not long since, we urged upon her the necessity of a methodical arrangement of time, thereby giving her the opportunity of several hours study each day. She listened attentively until we closed, then said with a yawn:

"If I'd been sent to school when young, I suppose I should have studied like others. As it is, I'm almost too old to learn."

Amazed at such a remark, but being ourself no judge of age, we quietly asked how old she called herself.

"I shall be sixteen in December."

It was pretty evident our eloquence was all wasted.

We are told that Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty-eight years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own time—a singular exertion noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Accarso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, replied, that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixtieth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies.

Boccaccio was thirty-five when he commenced his studies in polite literature, yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect—Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

"SATURDAY NIGHT."—This is the name of a new weekly, of rather a local character, just commenced in this city. It is well edited, and its contents generally excellent, with the exception of the "Fashionable Gossip," which, in our opinion, were better omitted. It is published by *Messrs. Davis & Elverson.*

NEW MUSIC.

"I'M LONELY SINCE YOU LEFT ME." Words and music by D. W. HALLEY. Published by D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.

"WAYSIDE FLOWERS." By C. KINKEL. Published by D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.

Take Plenty of Food.

Although Englishmen and Americans both speak nominally the same language, yet there are many words used in quite a different idiom. "A *clever* fellow" means a particular, bright, active, "smart" man in England, but a merely good-natured, friendly man, and one not too keen with us. So also with the word "*starve*," which with us is applied simply to cases where there is a lack of *food*, in England comprehends also suffering from the lack of *heat*. An American, travelling, stopped with the others to dine, and after seeing a rotund Englishman partake of the full allowance of roast beef and port, was surprised on their resuming the journey, to hear him say he was "*starving*." "Did that gentleman say he was starving?" whispered the Yankee to a neighbor. "Yes." "Well, if that is an Englishman *starved*, I should like to see one *stuffed*," was the instinctive reply. It was afterwards explained to him that the gentleman only intended to say that he felt that the weather was very *cold*.

Dr. Erasmus Wilson, quite celebrated in England, has been lecturing very extensively, and finally published several lectures, to prove that the great body of the young English gentry are annually *starved* into imbecility and death by the insufficient quality of their food. Breakfasts of tea and toast he does not approve of; and for growing youth, instead of meat once a day at dinner, he thinks three times a day would be none too much. Instead of a diet two-thirds vegetable to one-third of animal food, he would have it two-thirds animal to one-third vegetable.

He speaks of this chiefly as a means of preventing disease. The most vital organs, apart from the digestive tube, are, he says, the brain, the lungs and the heart. If these are not supplied with a sufficiency of wholesome nutriment, there are always elements of disease enough lurking round to attack and destroy them. We all know, for instance, that the best safeguard against most fevers and all miasmatic diseases, is a vigorous state of health; and in a southern climate, to go out of doors before taking breakfast is therefore justly considered dangerous. In like manner, in the north, where disease of the lungs prevail, cod liver oil, the richest cream, and indeed a generous diet, is generally the best medicine. The muscular fibre of meat, rather than the fat or a vegetable food, is the great secret of even the Banting system. Nor is there any doubt but that the healthy action of the brain and heart depend on plenty of good nutriment.

It may be a matter then of wonder to some how it is that so many eminent medical men have recommended a spare diet as the best of medicine, yet nothing is more easily explained. The physician is called in only when a man is sick, and at such times the digestive powers are weakened and unable to bear the usual load which would often be fatal. Indeed, at such a time that often kills, which is even beneficial, ordinarily. On this account, too, many physicians, who are most successful in coping with disease are least fitted to lay down laws for the preservation of health and the promotion of a healthy growth of the system. The pathological conditions of the system are by them well provided for when they arise. But the promotion of normal conditions is not so much studied.

In more general terms, the more food a man thoroughly digests and assimilates, the more of a man he becomes, and the better is he protected against disease. But the difficulty is that those who consume most food often cannot assimilate the whole, and then it only goes to produce disease. It overloads the stomach, produces dyspepsia, and a thousand nervous disorders. All the wheels of life are oppressed and clogged, and then instead of strength, weakness is the result. There must in fact be a *want* created in the system for the food before it can be assimilated. Waste must take place before repair and the elimination of the old dead matter, before there is room for the insertion that is the formation of new. Every motion of the body and every exertion of the mind produces the consumption of so much muscular fibre or nervous matter, in which latter the phosphates are strongly traceable, and the more rapid this waste and repair, the more intense is the Human, showing at every minute of the body and every power of the mind and affections creating an expenditure of so much vital force gives also the possibility of so much increase of vital power, if food be plentiful in quantity and of the best quality.

In this country the average height has been greatly increased, breadth across the chest; lung power is only found developed to the highest degree in Scotland and in Kentucky. But we must have the largest consumption of the best food, ale and exercise, if we would have true men.

LADIES IN STREET CARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I see that you have in your paper a letter from my sister Este, and if you will print one for her, of course you will for me.

Now I really am surprised that Este should have so much trouble. *I* never have any, in cars, or anywhere else; though some people *do* think I am not so smart as Este. To be sure I am nearly ten years younger, and although our features are alike, my complexion is different from hers—oh, very different; in fact, poetry has been written more than once on my complexion. But of course that can have nothing to do with it.

Now I'll tell you what happened to *me* in a car the other day. It was swarming full, and two women, with bundles, standing, yet as soon as I entered, *three* gentlemen sprang from their seats, each insisting that I should take his place. It was really embarrassing. When I finally sat down, and dropped a little package, (I like to drop things, to see what folks will do,) *four* gentlemen made a dive for it, and one scrambled after it as it rolled among the feet of the passengers, and handed it to me with the politest bow and the sweetest smile, as much as to say, "Do, pray, drop something else." I'm sure I can't imagine why they act so; can you? But between you and me, if Este gets into such difficulties, it must be because she doesn't manage right. She should have more winningness, more *tout ensemble*, more—but I dare say you know how to advise her.

Now I must stop, and take my music lesson, though mother does say that these foreigners are better at paying compliments than teaching. Yours respectfully,

ESTE'S YOUNGER SISTER.

P. S.—I can't help laughing to think how astonished Este will be when she finds that some folks can write and have their letters printed as well as others.

P. P. S.—Mr. Editor, is it true that waterfalls are going out? I hope so. For my part, I don't approve of false hair; I like the hair to be worn in some way that shows it is *all your own*.

Letter from Este's Unmarried Uncle.

SIR: I understand that there is a Lady Editor in your establishment. I wish *her* to understand that I don't address her. To you I appeal, as a man, to uphold the rights of man, and not allow such representations as those of my niece Este to appear in your paper without a fitting reply. I know something about it; I have been ousted and used and sacrificed in every way for the convenience of ladies for the last—say 45 years, and I am determined to bear it no longer without remonstrance.

A married man is persecuted, I suppose, by his wife; an unmarried man is persecuted by every woman, at *every* corner and turn. I go alone to a concert, an hour before the time, to secure a seat that suits me. After sitting patiently till the orchestra begins, I am suddenly confronted by the two staring eyes of a person with her hair all scraped back from the front of her head, a ridiculous bit of pink cobweb on the top of it, and a big bulging black pudding in a bag at the back. She has an offensively vast amount of new dry goods rattling around her, and the general prancing look of a horse about to run over you. She stares and stares, and her eyes say: "Insignificant creature, why don't you move?" And I move, and down she plumps, and stares again for a moment, as much as to say: "Insignificant creature, why didn't you move before?" And then she opens her fan, and forgets all about me. I find a side corner where I can. Why should she make me do this? Why should the community back her and expect me to do it? Or, if it must be, why should my niece Este want me to smile about it? I am an active merchant. After driving all day at my business, real business, not pottering in and out of shops—I take my own particular seat (left hand corner next the driver) in a half empty car. As soon as it is comfortably full, a lady, who has been watching her opportunity, hops in, and stands with a smirk before me. At any rate, why doesn't she *walk in*? Why does she always bob all through the car as if her feet were attached to flimsy springs, instead of to human legs with physiological muscles? It aggravates the injury she is about to do me. I close my eyes, and affect to be unconscious of her presence; but through the lids I feel that she is smirking straight at me. Soon I begin to wriggle; then I open my eyes and glare defiantly at her; then I get up with a bounce, and she slips into my corner, and opens the novel she has just got from the library. Now, having effected her purpose, why, in the name of all that is exacting, does she want me to smile at her? There is a picture in our Academy of Fine Arts, of Saul smiling on a gridiron. Of course it is the lot of all (male) humankind to be roasted more or less often, but for my part, I never like my gridirons, and I am not going to smile at them. No, Mr. Editor, the crisis has come, and here I take my stand; and to that whole female race which is continually interfering with the little habits and comforts that are becoming dearer to me every day, to them I say thus publicly,—I will give you my choice seat in the concert room, I will give you my corner in the car, I will give you my last chance at a steamboat dinner table, I will put out my cigar when I have just lighted it, I will walk home with you on a cold evening after my regular bed time, but smile at you I will *not!*

Hoping that you will uphold me in this determination, I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours firmly,

ESTE'S UNMARRIED UNCLE.

MAKE GOOD USE OF YOUR TIME.—The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it.

☞ The youth who can sneer at exalted virtue, need only wait for age and experience to become a contemptible knave.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Eastward Bound—Across the Pampas—A Tiger Hunt—Barbarous Butchery—Outlaws—A Pampas Wedding.

It had been our original intention after exploring the regions about Lake Boyadeiro to have struck out in a northwestern direction, crossed the pampas, paid a visit to Mendoza the model city of South America, from thence crossing the Cordilleras—of the Andes are always designated by Buenos Ayreans—by the great overland thoroughfare to Valparaiso, making our next lodgment at Santiago, the Chilian Capital.

But certain necessities of the Argentine Government, a relation of which would not particularly interest the reader, made our return to Buenos Ayres a matter of some moment, and so instead of vagabondizing westward towards the Pacific, we took to the pampas and the most direct route compatible with safety and comfort back towards the capital of *La Confederacion Argentina.*

Clearing in our first day's ride the region of wooded country that lies to the northeastward of Boyadeiro, we entered upon a pampa territory seemingly limitless, teeming with both horses and horned cattle in herds absolutely innumerable—the wide landscape varied from a dull monotone by many *islands* covered with a dense growth of small timber and low brushwood, and the open country dotted at distances wide apart with the white, gleaming walls and fiery red-tiled roofs of substantial *estancias.* We were drifting back upon a region of civilization—"South American Civilization," as you will see if you will be pleased to follow us.

All the western portion of the Confederacy was in a state of revolution, which as a rule in South America means anarchy, utter lawlessness, robbery, plunder, sacrilege, murder, and every other human horror one can conceive of, and this Buenos Ayrean revolution was no exception to the rule, so that from the first day of our entering upon the pampa region our whole course through to within ten leagues of the capital was a succession of fights, surprises, and stirring adventure.

Every estancia was a fortified post, the proprietor suspicious of his neighbor, and doubly so of every stranger—every solitary church and deserted *hacienda* was an ambush, affording cover for bands of marauding outlaws, who would dash out upon unwary travellers, demanding money or life.

By keeping well to the southward, we avoided the larger organized bands of professed revolutionists, who would have plundered us with as little hesitation as they would have lassoed a bullock. But we fell in with straggling bands of lawless bandits frequently enough, and three times during our second day's journey we were charged upon by parties more numerous than our own. But the robber rascals invariably made a grand mistake when they took us for quiet, timid, ordinarily armed travellers. Not an atom did they dream when they came swooping down upon us with their infernal yells that they were driving headlong upon such an equestrian battery—that every man and woman among us was good for thirteen rapid shots, and always before our first revolver was emptied there would be a half dozen or more riderless horses, and the survivors would go to the—Right-about-*Run*, without firing a shot, now and then one of the retreating vagabonds being tumbled unceremoniously from the saddle by a bullet from one of our heavy "Lansingburgs." We had long since become so familiar with the horrible atrocities of these murderous wretches, that when attacked by them, we could shoot them down with as little compunction as we would feel in killing a prowling wolf.

The herdeiros, invariably upon being informed who we were, opened their gates to, and their hearts towards us, showing the utmost hospitality, and generally having a favor to ask in return, which was that we would relieve them from the presence of three or four murderous *guachas* prowling about the premises, a service that we always cheerfully undertook to perform, and generally accomplished during the night, as we made it an invariable rule during our ride, for one half of the male portion of our party to perform guard duty while the others slept—no matter whether we were at an estancia or encamped on the pampa. A good many nocturnal prowlers were dropped by our rifles between Lake Boyadeiro and Buenos Ayres.

The genial, great-hearted old Spaniard—proprietor of a magnificent estate, with whom we passed the fourth night of our journey, begged of us another service than shooting *guachas.* There was an immense tiger that had long infested the vicinity, committing many depredations, and having his haunt in one of the wooded knolls about a mile from the estancia.

Would we kill the brute for him? Don Martinus inquired, and we said—"Yes, certainly"—that night if the rascal showed himself within rifle range—in the morning without fail—if his royal tigership could be beaten up.

The old fellow did not choose to favor us with a visit during the night, and so on the following morning, having disposed of an early breakfast, our whole party, ladies and all, got to saddle—Don Martinus and his family, consisting of Senora Zobelda, his fair, fat wife, Don Gabriel, his son, a fine, cavalier looking young fellow, and three very pretty grown-up daughters, all well mounted, followed in the rear of the cavalcade to witness the sport.

Having drawn a cordon about the knoll, the dogs were sent in, and within five minutes, out on the southern side of the jungle came the monstrous brute, with prodigious leaps and low, continuous growls, dashing between Capt. Cater and Miss Edith Bond, sister of our medical companion, and going quite clear of the half dozen rapid shots fired at him by the captain and Miss Bond, taking towards a larger jungle about a mile distant in a succession of tremendous long, cat-like leaps.

Cater's horse stumbled, pitching his rider over his head, stunning him so that he was unable to rise for several minutes. Somehow the dogs went wrong and did not come out of the wood, and the race was between the tiger and Miss Bond, though all of us stationed on that side of the knoll were driving on in the rear.

Then ensued one of the most magnificent scenes of feminine horsemanship and heroism ever exhibited in this world. A scene worth riding the width of the continent to witness.

Edith Bond was beautiful as a woman can be, graceful as Hebe, and as fearless a rider as ever drew rein. Half way from the starting point to the cover, Edith overtook the flying tiger, and in a moment he was plunging and struggling, with the noose of the deadly *lariat* drawn tight about his throat. Edith was handling her captive beautifully, when suddenly, by a spasmodic plunge, he snapped the supple thong and turned with a terrific howl of rage upon his tormentor.

For a brief space the tiger crouched down until he almost lay upon the ground, and then he was cleaving the air like an arrow. Not all the rifles and revolvers of our entire party, could avert the terrible fate impending over the brave girl. But Edith Bond needed no aid at our hands.

Bending forward until her black plume swept her saddle bow, with nerve like iron, Edith laid her lance in rest—the beautiful animal she rode, bent his sleek, slender limbs as if about to take a flying leap, and stood like a horse cut in black marble.

The tiger came down full upon the point of the poised lance—like a flash the trained horse went to the rear with a nimble dead-yank—the vast brute rolled over on the ground, the polished steel driven through hide, muscle, flesh and vitals, until six inches of its bright blade protruded between the shoulders. As we dashed up to offer Edith Bond our congratulations, her clear, musical laugh was mingling strangely with the hoarse, unchecked growls of the dying tiger.

Don Martinus was actually impious in his wild worship of the heroic girl, and in his ecstasy determined to celebrate the achievement, according to pampa custom, by a grand barbecue and feast upon the spot. We accepted the old enthusiast's invitation to the feast, and forthwith he set about making preparations. A dozen *peons* were dispatched to bring wood and kindle two great fires; as many more were sent to bring wine, bread, cooking utensils, &c., from the house, and lastly, half a dozen mounted herdeiros were ordered to provide fresh meat from the cattle grazing all about us.

The barbarians set about accomplishing this service by a process more devilishly cruel than the inhumanities of a North American savage. Lassoing a fine, fat, young cow, and choking her down helpless, the human devil, with his long, keen knife, would slash out great fitches of hot quivering flesh from the rounds and hips of the prostrate animal, and then slipping the lasso, permit the half-murdered victim to stagger to its feet and bleed to death at its leisure. Don Martinus and his really estimable wife and daughters, looked quite complacently upon this murderous butchery, now and then laughing outright at the frantic struggles and bellowings of the tortured brutes. Another sample of "South American Civilization."

During our out-door feast, Don Martinus informed us that about a league from the place where we were, a party of Government troops had ten days previously captured and shot ten notorious outlaws, and invited us to ride round that way and see them.

"See them! What—are they not buried?" the doctor inquired.

"Oh no, senor," said the old Don. They fixed them better than that. You shall see."

And we concluded to go and see how they fixed outlaws better than by burying them after they were dead. Only the ladies decided to return to the estancia and wait for us. It was well they did so, for a more horribly disgusting spectacle was never presented to the eye.

The ten wretches, stripped stark naked, were mounted on a long log of wood elevated so high above the ground that no wild beast could reach them, seated in pairs face to face astride of the log, their hands placed upon each other's shoulders, and all steadied from tumbling down by thongs of rawhide.

With their eyes picked from their sockets by birds of prey, under-jaws fallen, faces gangreened and swollen out of all semblance of humanity, the bodies blackened, and flesh falling from the bones; the horrible picture was an illustrated index of "South American Civilization."

We were making preparations to depart from the estancia, when it occurred to Don Martinus that his eldest daughter, Dona Elmina was to be married in about a month; and if we would only remain and honor the occasion, they would forestall the time, and have the nuptials take place immediately. As there was nothing demanding our immediate presence in the capital we decided to remain.

The bridegroom, a handsome young fellow, whose father's estate joined that of Don Martinus, was sent for, and very readily consented to the arrangement. Dona Elmina was nothing loth, and a jolly *Padre*—Father Dominique, they all called him, though he had not seen the end of his twenty-third year—was brought from the Dolores Mission, some three leagues distant, and the day after the tiger hunt we had a grand wedding on the pampas; and after the wedding, a three day's carnival—during which, *Padre* Dominique got gloriously drunk, made love to Miss Edith Bond, and got almost as severely handled by the irate little beauty as the tiger had done.

Besides this little episode we had during the festival a sharp skirmish with a band of marauding desperadoes, in which the killing was all done by our party; and then, having done, and seen done all that there was to do especially, we bade our pampa friends adieu, and went our way towards Buenos Ayres.

It is pretty generally known among the "inner circles" at Washington, that Secretary Stanton has no great love for music—that, in fact, like bluff old Dr. Johnson, whom he in other respects resembles, the Secretary of War considers it a great bore; it is also known that Secretary Welles, who, along with other infirmities of extreme age, is said to be quite deaf, affects a great fondness for the "divine art." It is also known that while a professor of music in Washington was trying to get up a series of subscription concerts in that city last winter, he called on Mr. Stanton to get him to subscribe, and mentioned, as an inducement thereto, that the Secretary of the Navy had already put down *his* name. "Oh," replied the bluff head of the War Department, "*If I were as deaf as the Secretary of the Navy,* I would subscribe, too!"

City and Neighborhood of Jerusalem.—The improvements which are taking place in Judea are very great. For some distance round Jerusalem there are extensive young plantations of olive-trees; and in and about the city the new buildings are both numerous and handsome. Every European nation seems anxious to have a footing in the Holy City. The Russians support the Greeks, the French the Latins, and the English (though not avowedly as a nation) patrons the Jews, whose interest will probably become the strongest eventually.—*Bickersteth's "Pilgrimage to Harrow."*

A Grass-Fire Adventure.

Three different fires, from as many quarters, were reddening the evening sky, as I and my two brother officers, and the detachment of soldiers under our command, took forth from our solitary little outpost on the banks of the great Fish River.

Within the last few days the Caffres had been in force upon the colony, marking their track by fire and assagai. The company of Cape Mounted Rifles, who constituted our chief garrison, had been sent to the extremities, while we infantry, as being unfitted for such duty, were left to hold the post. But our hearts were with our suffering countrymen; and it was not until these two fires had died away, and the patrol had returned from its midnight round, that we consulted our little circle to be ready at a moment's notice, and retired to our barracks, which, built in a hollow square, formed also the post's outer wall, its only additional defence being a row of palisades.

Yet no apprehension for our own safety troubled even the timiest-hearted woman within the gate; and we could scarcely believe our senses when, shortly after, we were awakened by the harsh shriek of the Caffre war-cry, and rushing out, found ourselves beset by a horde of skin-clad warriors, who, concealed by the darkness, had crept, snake-like, along the ground, until, when close at hand, they had bounded to their feet, and, with quivering assagais and discordant yells, thrown themselves against our defences, hoping to carry them by surprise.

Failing in this design, they fled, though only, as it proved, beyond rifle-range; for daylight revealed us girt round by a belt of foes outnumbering us by twenty to one. At once we divined the truth, that our sentinel was some border-chief, who, during friendly visits to the post, had detected its weak points, especially that worst and greatest, the want of water, all we need being brought from a neighboring ravine, between which and us the Caffres clustered thickest. It was soon evident they had decided not again to attack the post, but resting on their arms to await the time when we should either perish of thirst within our walls, or fall by their assagais without.

There was, indeed, but little hope it would be otherwise. There were none among those lonely hills to bear to Graham's Town the tidings of the siege, and days would elapse ere our next mail was due. Our only chance, and that a faint one, was, that some inadvertence of the Caffres might enable one man to steal through their lines, and hasten in quest of aid. As senior subaltern, I claimed this duty; but so closely were we invested, that I almost despaired of ever executing it.

With unspeakable anxiety we watched, while our small stock of water waxed hourly lower. Despite our utmost care, it was all but gone, when, on the third night, a brilliant meteor, darting across the sky, was overtaken by a second, which appeared to the eye to shatter it into atoms. A shout of triumph from the besiegers greeted this infallible omen of success; and in further demonstration of joy, dancing and music soon filled the Caffre camp, hundreds of feet beating time vehemently to their owners' guttural strains, while the winding of buffalo-horns and beating of calabash-drums swelled the whole into a deafening din.

Here was the long-sought opportunity; and followed by the good-wishes of my companions, I started on my hazardous enterprise; bending almost double as I crept cautiously on from the cover of one hillock to another, when some fire flashed brighter across my way, or group drew unusually near, shaking to the earth with bated breath, yet ever seeking for some unguarded spot by which I might pass out. But it was not until many a danger had been narrowly escaped that a break was found in the living cordon, and still gliding on between the ridges I left the Caffre circle behind, and rejoiced to find myself free to seek for my comrades' help and rescue.

Our stables and horses were in the Caffres' possession; but a few miles distant was a spot where the spare Cape corps horses pastured, and thither I hastened in quest of one. Catching the most powerful among them, I speedily equipped him with a bridle and rug-saddle, brought wrapped round me from the post on purpose; then mounting, I took the way to Graham's Town, as a measure of prudence, avoiding the path across the hills, and travelling through labyrinths of intersecting ravines and valleys.

This route considerably increased the distance, but well my new steed served me, threading devious breaks in the thorny jungle, fording rushing water-courses, and pushing through steep, rocky defiles, where a single false step would have cost our lives, until, ere four hours were elapsed, nearly half our journey was accomplished. My hopes of success were assuming certainty, when some indistinct sound seemed to mingle with the echo of my horse's footfall, and in dread of lurking Caffres, I spurred on faster. But the sound soon swelled into a dreary howl, and then a loud burst of hysteric laughter, and looking round, I beheld, through the darkness, two fiery orbs, and at once knew that a hyena, that dangerous and wily brigand of the woods, was on our track.

There was no longer need of spur or rein, for, conscious of his danger, my steed bounded fleetly on, but, fresh from his lair, the wild beast's pace was swifter, and each minute he seemed to gain upon us. I did my utmost to scare him off by shouts and yells, and, at the risk of arousing the Caffres, I fired my pistols, but all in vain; unhurt, undismayed, and resolute, our pursuer still held his way.

Suddenly a second voice joined in chorus, and two more flaming eyes glared on the night. Another hyena had joined the chase, and, to my consternation, I perceived that our peril was more than doubled, for the presence of each other seemed to animate the fierce creatures to yet stronger efforts. I knew that lonely travellers had often been similarly beset; and the remembrance of their adventures was far from cheering. Meanwhile, shrill neighs of terror burst from my horse's lips as he still plunged madly on; momentarily, more audible grew the headlong rush of the hyenas through the tangled grass, while their reiterated cries rang in our ears like peals of mocking laughter.

It was a race for life or death, and the odds were evidently against us. Nearer and nearer drew our fell followers, as they strove to outstrip each other; nearer and nearer, yelling, howling, laughing at our heels, as if we had been demon-chased.

At length, with a longer bound, and a higher leap, the former sprang to my horse's haunches, holding on by his enormous claws, and, quick as thought, his companion followed. A loud wild shriek, quivering through the woods, told the poor creature's agony, as vampered, wounded, and overpowered, he fell heavily to the ground, his ferocious foes still clinging to their prey, and rolling in fierce struggles over him; while, with a thrill of incomprehensible horror, I found myself sharing the general downfall.

For a moment I lay stunned and half insensible, hoping mentally awaiting my expected doom; but to whatever, to my infinite amazement, I discovered that I had been thrown to some distance by the shock; and rising, found myself not only unhurt, but in no immediate danger, the hyenas having neither eyes nor ears save for the victim whose blood they had tasted. It was a horrible scene, and I hastened to terminate it by a brace of bullets. My implacable enemy's last breath ebbed as I released him; and with almost regret for his fate, yet duly and truly thankful for my own unhoped-for escape, I turned away to hasten on my important journey.

But travelling on foot, I made disheartening little progress. The valleys, too, generally lay at angles with my route; and whenever I was compelled to cross the shoulder of a hill, or corner of a plateau, some blackened ruin or abandoned wagon was sure to meet my view, impressing the sentiment necessity of caution. Thus it was past mid-day, and I was still some miles from Graham's Town, when, rounding a rocky ledge, I came suddenly in sight of a large body of Caffres, encamped in the valley below. Some expedition was apparently at hand, for each man was sharpening his assagai, or looking to the flint-lock of his rifle; while in the midst, clad in a leopard-skin kaross, and vehemently haranguing his countrymen, was the well-known chief, Tyalle, whilom the frequenter of mess and ball-room, but now the colonists' most bitter enemy.

In all haste, I retreated, but unfortunately not unseen; for instantly the whole force rose in hot pursuit, while a hue-and-cry rolled up the hill, which awakened a hundred echoes. But it was nothing to the outburst of baffled rage with which, on reaching the summit, the Caffres found that, comparatively fleet of foot, I had escaped to the hill beyond. Rifles and assagais were freely discharged across the intervening ravine, but the bullets fell wide, the flying spears short; ponderous knobkerries whirled and whistled through the air, yet with a like ill-success; and then, as if exasperated by failure, rose a deep, fiendish howl, heralding a second flight of assagais, and no words can express the extent of my dismay to perceive that each shaft was tipped with fire, an unerring indication that the most fearful device of Caffre warfare was about to be put into execution against me.

Fanned by their swift passage through the air, the spears came quivering down like fiery serpents but a few yards from me. The long prairie-grass, dried almost to tinder by the tropical sun, smoked and crackled beneath their glowing trail; and in another moment a dozen fires were sparkling and leaping along the ground, raising an impassable barrier between me and my pursuers, but, at the same time, menacing me with a fate more terrible than any their weapons could inflict, and before which even the peril of the past night grew faint and dim. I had but one resource—to turn and flee before this incumbitable foe; but when gaining the ascent, I gave a momentary glance behind, I was well-nigh appalled, for the conflagration had already spread and stretched into a wide field of flames, reddening the steep hillsides, devastating the ravine to its central stream, and rushing on my track like a fiery tide. The whole wilds on my side of the valley would shortly be ablaze with one of those terrific grass-fires which in that dry climate a single spark will suffice to kindle, and which, taller than a man, rage unchecked and uncheckable over vast tracts of country. All I could do was again to flee; but my breathless race was no more for life, but to delay the death no human effort could finally avert. It was a frightful doom to anticipate; and as I still toiled through the cumbrous grass, visions of my distant home and its loved inmates, thoughts of the beleagured comrades whose fate would be scarce less miserable than mine, pressed on me with inexpressible distress and pain.

Meanwhile, stronger, louder, and fiercer, the mighty conflagration swept on, running in fiery streams along the parched-up herbage, igniting the thickets, exploding in volleys of sparks from out the brushwood, and rolling along in thick clouds of smoke. Quaggas, antelopes, hares, nay, even snakes and lizards, fled before its scorching breath, and, despairing and weary, I followed in their rear. Suddenly, through the circling smoke, I perceived one of those strange, crater-like mounds of rock so frequent in the African wilds. Could I but gain its shelter, my case might be less desperate; and with renewed energy, I strove to reach it; but my strength was almost gone: my breath came fast, and my feet faltered in their eager course, while the flames rolled after me with redoubled speed, and more than once I felt as if I must yet sink to the earth, and yield passively to the fate whose only consolation was, that it would be brief as terrible. No words can tell the intense suspense of those few minutes—the swift rushing blasts of heated air, the swelling tumult of the following surges, telling how near grew the destroyer, while yet far ahead was the little ark in which there might be safety. At length, just as the flames touched my heels, I gained its base; to scramble up the rugged ascent was the work of a moment, then, panting and prayerful, I sank down into its hollow basin, as I hoped, saved.

And so it proved. The fire swept and surged around the stony islet, scathing its guardian aloes, devouring the sparse herbage in its interstices, and almost suffocating me with its dense masses of smoke, then passed on its devastating career until it should be stopped by some interposing stream. Ere long, the denuded ground cooled sufficiently, and descending from the mound, I soon reached Graham's Town, whose rampart of rocky hills protected it from danger. The following night I formed one of the five hundred men who relieved the besieged outpost, and escorted its inmates back to safety, lighted on our way by the Caffre-lit flames of our recent home and of all our worldly goods. Many, since then, have been the perils of my military life, but none recall a more thrilling memory than those of the journey ending with that Grass-fire Adventure.

☞ Fuseli, a celebrated painter, was very sarcastic in criticising the productions of other artists. Northcote asked him to look at his painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass. "How do you like it?" said Northcote. "Vastly," replied Fuseli. "You are an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel."

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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Fast Young Ladies.

In order to be a fast young lady, it is necessary to lay aside all reserve and refinement—everything that savors of womanly weakness; to have no troublesome scruples, but to be ready to accord an appreciating smile to the broadest joke. There must be no feeling of dependence on the stronger sex, but, by adopting, as far as decency permits, masculine attire, masculine habits, and masculine modes of expression, accompanied by a through knowledge of slang, and a fluency in using it, these ladies show themselves to be above all narrow-minded prejudices. There must be no thinking about other people's feelings; if people will be thin-skinned, let them keep out of their way at all events. Should "mamma" raise her voice in a feeble remonstrance, the fast young lady impresses upon her that, "she is no judge of these matters. In her old school days, everything and every one were slow, but it is quite changed now." In short, to sum up, to be a fast young lady, modesty, delicacy, refinement, respect for superiors, consideration for the aged, must all be set aside; and boldness, independence, irreverence, brusquenes, and, we fear, too often heartlessness, must take their place.—"*A Voice from the Fireside,*" *by Mary Elizabeth Miller.*

Interesting Geological Discovery.—A short time since, the Rev. W. Fox, of Brixton, near Brooke, Isle of Wight, discovered, in the vast wealden formation at the back of the Island, a new reptile, of the Dinosaurian family. The only parts of the skeleton wanting are the head and neck. The animal was above six feet long from the shoulder to the root of the tail, and was furnished with a massive tail five feet long. The legs were about four feet in length, terminating in a broad short foot. One of the most remarkable features of this strange reptile is the manner in which it was clothed with bony armor, plates of bone from half an inch to four inches in diameter, and about half an inch thick, covered its body, with the exception of its back, which was protected by a great bony shield. Another remarkable characteristic of this animal was a very curious process of spine-like bones, which ran along the sides of the body and tail, some of which are fifteen inches long, and weighs seven pounds. The remains of this extinct monster have been examined recently by Professor Owen, as well as the wealden formation from which they were extracted; and we understand that, with reference to the extraordinary nature of the spine-like bones to which we have alluded, Professor Owen is of opinion that the most appropriate name for this new Saurian would be Polacanthus.

A gentleman in England recently opened a letter addressed to his son, and containing suggestions from a friend to the latter, for a novel which he (the son) was privately writing. The father was exceedingly surprised and frightened upon reading the following dreadful words:—

"Dear Bob—You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the Governor will be sure to discover the dead body of Geraldine in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. I certainly think you are giving it to him in rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in a mad house. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is far too small a sum. Make it three thousand. Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off, and send you back the 'fatal dagger' afterwards by book post. Yours, Jack."

Gustavus Adolphus.—The piety of Gustavus Adolphus cannot be classed with fanaticism. He made the religious feeling serviceable in promoting all the military virtues, composing prayers himself. His maxim was, that a good Christian could not be a bad soldier. He said to an officer, who seemed surprised to find him reading the Bible, "I am seeking strength against temptation by meditating on the sacred volume. Persons of my rank are only answerable to God for their actions, and that independence gives the enemy of our souls opportunity to lay snares, against which we cannot be too much on our guard."—*Col. Graham's "Military Ends and Moral Means."*

☞ A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up hill work." "Good!" said his friend; "I would rather go up hill than down hill at any time."

"I DO NOT TRUST YOU."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.

Years will go by, and we shall be
As if these days had never been;
We shall drift apart on the fickle sea
As other women and other men.

"I have been happy?" Ah, yes—but we
Shall say good-bye in this quiet bay,
And you will smile that I have you free
As another smiled—when I was a boy.

You will read my name cut deep in the tree
Down by the brook;—and you will smile
Remembering the happy hours when we
Were earnest friends,—*for a little while.*

And why should I sigh, that you will smile?
I know what a woman's love is worth;
I have felt the weight of her winning smile,
Her tearful eye, or her glance of mirth.

I know that it would not last—and yet
I am saying good-bye with a bitter pain;
Well—you must be happy—and women forget
That life has its record of Loss and Gain.

WINNOOSKI;

OR,

THE RED MAN'S JUSTICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.

From the country of the Arickaras, we had drifted dumbfoundedly southward—my red companion and I, swinging our line of march from east to west in long curved sweeps, going always to the southward—first through the country of the Sioux, then the Pawnees, and then stretching away southwesterly towards the Platte, and the country of the Pawnees.

My own object in performing such a journey, at that time far beyond the western limits of civilization, was simply the gratification of an insatiable, and I believe inherent love of adventure, but my companion—Ottoka—the noblest of all noble red men I have ever known—head chief of the Ottowas of the Miami, had a mission among the wilder western tribes—a mission which at that time was no concern of mine, and at this none whatever of the reader.

So, while Ottoka discussed grave matters of Indian state with the older chiefs, I rode races with the young braves, hunted the deer and buffalo with the veterans of the chase and war-path, and sometimes related love tales of the pale-faces to delighted groups of eager, listening maidens.

Thus we passed on through the Indian country, until at last we were alone, and had built our camp-fire on the banks of the South Fork of the Platte, two hundred miles southeast from Fort Laramie.

It was a bland, beautiful October evening, the moon—at full, just rolling up from the prairie horizon like a great celestial golden ball. Ottoka was reclining on the opposite side of our lodge, resting the weight of his broad, muscular chest on his right arm, the elbow fixed on a folded beaver fell, his fine, athletic person disposed in that graceful, statuesque posture, never quite attainable by a white man, and attentively listening to my story of St. Leger's gallant fight and defeat at Stanwix.

My tale was nearly finished, when the chief sprang as lightly as a fawn to his feet, inclined his right ear towards that side of the lodge next the river, and after a few moments, said, in a low, hissing whisper:

"Hist, Macousta—Canoe come—One Indian. Paddle of Wa-u-nunga—Red Snake of the Arapahoes—Wa-u-nunga's heart all black. Macousta look—Arapahoe bad Indian."

Following Ottoka to the side of the lodge towards the stream, the chief drew cautiously apart the junction of the buffalo hides, making an aperture the thickness of his hatchet handle, through which we looked out upon the moon-lit river, and upon a solitary red man standing erect in his light, bark canoe, which he was sending upstream against the current, with vigorous strokes of his paddle.

The Indian was an Arapahoe beyond question—his abundant, long, flowing hair, silver head-band glancing in the moonlight, and the fashion of laying on the war-paint revealed that fact to me beyond all question. But how the mere dipping of a light paddle, with a splash scarcely louder than the clipping wing of the startled "green-head," could have discovered to Ottoka not only the nationality, but the individuality of the passing Indian, puzzled me. The canoe shot around a bend in the stream and disappeared. Then Ottoka said in a low, cautious tone:

"Arapahoe chief all bad. Red Serpent got black heart—Wa-u-nunga going to murder *Le Longue Carbine*—White Medicine."

The chief had told me during our afternoon's ride of an aged, white-haired white man, living with his only child, a lovely half-breed girl, in a beautiful home on the bank of the South Fork, not far from our camp, and my inclination had been to push on before night and seek the shelter of the white man's roof. But for some reason that he did not choose to make known, Ottoka opposed such a purpose with a good deal of earnestness, and as it was only a mere whim with me, I readily enough deferred my wishes to those of my red companion.

But when I saw the chief prepare and light his pipe for a smoke after the declaration that the Arapahoe warrior's errand was the murder of *Le Longue Carbine*, the white man we contemplated visiting on the following day, and for whom Ottoka professed to have a strong friendship, I was utterly astonished, and said to the chief something reproachfully:

"Is the heart of the Ottowa chief stone? Will he sit down and smoke, while the Arapahoe Serpent glides to the lodge of his friend and strikes his fangs into him sleeping?"

Ottoka deliberately settled down into the same graceful position from which he had been aroused by the strokes of the Arapahoe's paddle, and then after blowing out indolently a cloud of smoke, and looking steadily in my face for a considerable time, he replied:

"The heart of Ottoka is red. He is the chief of the Ottowas. Ottoka is not a little child. He has been on many war-paths. He is wiser in the forest than Macousta. The Arapahoe Serpent cannot strike the White Medicine, *Le Longue Carbine* sleeps with one eye like the panther. By-and-by we shall go to the lodge of the white Medicine. Now, see Macousta."

"Will my brother show Macousta his heart? It is covered up so that he cannot see it."

"Ottoka will show his white brother his heart. Listen. The course of the Fork is very crooked. The water runs strong towards the Great Platte. Wa-u-nunga must paddle three hours. It is fifteen miles to the lodge of *Le Longue Carbine*, for the Arapahoe—Four for Macousta and Ottoka. Our horses are swifter than the Serpent's canoe. Spare ride now too soon. Medicine's dogs make much bark. Wa-u-nunga not come. Much 'fraid. Come another night. Shoot two old hounds with arrows. Make noise note. Kill Medicine may be. Carry off Winnooski to the country of the Arapahoes. White Fawn die little while. Does Macousta see? Rest wait and catch the Arapahoe Serpent."

"Macousta sees the wisdom of Ottoka. Will the chief pardon his white brother's doubts?"

"*Cah-ungo.* It is nothing, Macousta. Pale face always doubt. No matter, Ottoka is the brother of the white hunter, Macousta."

Ottoka is a great chief. He is very nice. Will he tell Macousta of *Le Longue Carbine*, and his daughter, the White Fawn?"

"There is much time—Ottoka will tell the white hunter of the medicine and his beautiful daughter, Winnooski. Listen:

"Many years ago, before Ottoka was a chief, his people were friends of the Arapahoes, and Ottoka went with a hundred young warriors of his tribe to help the Arapahoes in their war against the Loups.

"The Pawnees were great warriors. They went out on the war-path many as the buffalo of the great plains. The Arapahoes were few. The hearts of their warriors were faint. They were as little children. Many scalps of the Arapahoe braves swung in the smoke of the lodges of the Loups. The war chiefs of the Arapahoes were squaws. They did not know how to fight, and many squaws were wailing in their wigwams. The young warriors were all going to the spirit hunting grounds of the tribe, sent on the death trail by the arrows and hatchets of the Pawnees.

"One day, when the hearts of the Arapahoe Nation had all become like the timid fawns, there came among them a young pale face, beautiful as the *Ishonsti* of the happy hunting grounds. The strange white man was very young, and his skin was soft and delicate—his hair long, fair and waving as the locks of the young pale face squaws that live always in the shade, in the rich white maple marble wigwams.

"The young pale face stranger had no name when he came first to the lodges of the Arapahoes. But when his flight across the great plains on the powerful black Omaha war horse, was swifter than that of the rapid Ill-a-casta, leaving out of sight our best mounted braves—when his shafts were driven to the feather, through the tough hide and muscle of the great buffalo bulls at a distance greater than our stoutest arms could send an arrow—when his flashing knife struck the heart of the great panther that had mangled three Arapahoe braves—when his rifle brought down the great eagle that was only a speck far up in the blue sky, and its bullet went through the brain of Cah-na-on-de, the cunning war chief of the Pawnees so far across the prairies that we could not see the war-paint of the Loups—then the young pale face made a name, and the Arapahoes and Ottowas, at their great Council fire, called him *Le Longue Carbine*. We made him our chief, to lead our braves on the war-path against the Loups.

"In many battles we were the victors. Wherever our white chief turned his black Omaha war horse, the bravest and best of the Pawnee warriors went down like the ripe acorns shaken from the great oaks by the mighty north wind. *Le Longue Carbine*, was a fierce battle-flame that destroyed the Loup braves as the trapper's fire lick up and leaves in ashes the dry grass of the prairies. We carried many scalps to our Arapahoe lodges, and the hearts of the mourning squaws were made glad. Their husbands and lovers, slain by the Pawnees were avenged. The hearts of the Loups were turned to water. They came to the Arapahoes with much presents, and like beaten dogs, humbly begged for peace. It was given to them, and again the Arapahoe hunters went securely on the trail of the deer and bison, and set their traps near the villages of the Loups. The Pawnees feared *White Eagle*, as they called *Le Longue Carbine*, and the scalp of the lone Arapahoe trapper or hunter was secure.

Then, when Man nat-to, the white-haired head chief of the Arapahoes, was lying faint and gasping, and burning with fever in his lodge, and his only child—the beautiful Ith-le-wan-ti, (Cooing Dove,) was bending over the couch of her fever-stricken father, weeping, and the medicine men said the chief must set out on the trail to the Spirit hunting grounds, the handsome, fair-haired pale face came into the lodge of Man-nat-to and said: 'No—great chief must live!'

"The heart of Ith-le-wan-ti was glad. *Le Longue Carbine* sent the red medicine Powwows away. Then he made much blood run from the arm of Man-nat-to, and gave him the white powder of the pale-face medicine men, and bathed, and nursed, and watched the sick chief, and gave him to drink the cold water that Ith-le-wan-ti brought from the rock spring. *Le Longue Carbine* killed the fever, as he had done the Loup braves; and Man-not-to went abroad again to preside at the Councils of his tribe.

"Then the Arapahoes called the handsome young pale face—*Great Medicine*. The heart of the beautiful *Dove* was very glad; and she gave it all to the brave, handsome, white man, whose prowess in battle had saved her tribe from annihilation—whose great skill and faithful nursing had driven death from the lodge of her father.

"*Le Longue Carbine* had loved the Cooing Dove for many moons. And one evening at dusk, when the young pale face, accompanied by Ith-le-wan-ti, rode into the village of the Arapahoes, and up to the council fire, surrounded by the chiefs and warriors, *Le Longue Carbine* leaped from the saddle, stood before Man-nat-to, told him there in the presence of all the chiefs and warriors, of his love for the beautiful Dove, and asked the chief to give him Ith-le-wan-ti for his wife.

"The eyes of Man-nat-to flashed like the prowling wolf's. The heart of the chief was black. He hated the whole pale face race. He hated *Le Longue Carbine*, after all he had done for the Arapahoes and himself. He would have killed the brave white chief, if he had not been in fear of the Ottowas and half of his own people. They were the friends of the handsome young white chief, and would have clorven the skull of Man-not-to with their hatchets, had he dared to harm the Great Medicine. Man-not-to knew it, and his hands were tied. The Arapahoe chief replied to the pretty pale face:

"'The White man is a great Medicine—*Le Longue Carbine* is a mighty warrior. But his skin is pale. His tongue is forked like the tongues of all the pale faces and serpents. The Loups call *Le Longue Carbine* the Arapahoe "*White Eagle*." The pale face is an eagle; but he is not an Arapahoe. The White Eagle can never mate with the *Red Dove*. Ith-le-wan-ti must be the wife of O-wa-an-dega, the Arapahoe war chief. The pale face may go!'

"The flash of the young Medicine's eyes were like forked lightning, when he answered Man-not-to:

"'O-wa-an-dega is a poisonous snake. He is a lying coward. He ran away from the Loups always in battle. He dares not look in the eyes of *Le Longue Carbine*. The Cooing Dove hates *Le Bete Feroce*. She will never be his wife. Before the White Medicine shall surrender his Ith-le-wan-ti to the arms of the *Prowling Panther*, the wolves shall rend the flesh from his bones on the prairie.'

"In another moment the handsome young pale face was in the saddle. Shaking his silver mounted rifle towards the astonished Arapahoe chiefs and warriors, he said:

"'When Man-nat-to would look again upon his child—when *Le Bete Feroce* would claim the Cooing Dove for his bride, let them come and seek *Le Longue Carbine*, and the beautiful Ith-le-wan-ti, in the lodges of the Loups. They will find them there. The Arapahoes have seen the *White Eagle* in battle. Let the braves whose hearts have no fear of the bullets and arrows of *Le Longue Carbine* follow him if they *dare!*'

"White Eagle spoke a single low word to his black Omaha war-steed, touched the flank of the Dove's fleet counterpart of the Platte with the muzzle of his rifle, and they were away across the wide prairie like speed arrows. There was no Arapahoe that cared to follow the White Eagle.

"*Le Longue Carbine* and his Arapahoe Dove were welcomed by the Loups, and they would have made the White Eagle a chief. But he would not leave Ith-le-wan-ti, to go again on the war-path. A French priest at the Pawnee Mission married them, and in the second year of their wedded life, there came to bless them a sweet, wild rose-bud, whom they christened Winnooski (White Fawn.)

"*For four years Le Longue Carbine* spent almost all his time in teaching his gentle Red Dove all the learning of the white man's book-wampum. Ith-le-wan-ti was never weary of study, and she grew almost as wise as her white husband.

"Then there came to the White Medicine much gold and silver from the eastern country of the pale-faces. *Le Longue Carbine* built a beautiful lodge here on the bank of the South Fork—gathered into and around it all the white man's luxuries. White Eagle and his Red Dove lived here in their Eden home, there grew up between them, into a beautiful, blooming flower, the lovely Winnooski, whom next to the good Manitou, they loved above all else on earth.

"One day, when the beautiful White Fawn had seen her seventh year of life, a great shadow fell on the heart of *Le Longue Carbine*, and made his life desolate. Sometimes he went out on the trail of the deer, and that day when he returned at dusk, he found his wife stretched on the floor of the lodge stark dead—scalped, and the brains oozing from the cleft skull. His child, the sweet, playful White Fawn, was gone. The hand of Manitou was very heavy upon the heart of the White Eagle. All night he sat upon the floor with the mangled head of his murdered wife pillowed on his lap. Then on his knees, by the body of his dead Dove, he invoked the vengeance of Manitou on the murderer, and made a vow of a terrible retaliation upon the Arapahoes. He had discovered that which fixed beyond a doubt the cruel butchery of his loved wife on that tribe. It was the hand of *Le Bete Feroce* that had robbed him of his Red Dove.

"White Eagle buried his murdered wife in a beautiful grove near his lodge, and then for three days he sat as one entranced, planning his vengeance, and mourning for his dead wife and lost Fawn. On the fourth day, when he was about to leave his lodge for the country of the Arapahoes, he was stayed in his purpose. His darling Winnooski was brought back to him unharmed, by a young white officer, scarcely more than a boy, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant of United States Infantry. The boy officer had surprised the party of Arapahoe murderers, and four of them had been slain by his single hand. There were five of them in all. The fifth was *Le Bete Feroce*, the Arapahoe Panther. He had escaped.

"When the boy warrior spoke his name, there was a singular scene in the lodge of *Le Longue Carbine*. The White Eagle took the young soldier in his arms and called him his *brother*. He told him how, when the beautiful pale-face squaw that he was once going to marry deceived him and showed her heart all black, he had fled from civilization forever. Then he related his adventures among the red men, and how he had won, wed, and lost his sweet Red Dove.

"After a day of consultation, it was decided that the White Fawn should go with her young uncle eastward, and be reared and educated among the pale-faces, coming back to her father whenever he should send for her.

"When his brother and loved Winnooski had gone, and he was left all alone, *Le Longue Carbine* set about the execution of his vengeance. He would have struck O-wa-an-dega first. But that wily chief, dreading to encounter the deadly bullet or unerring arrow of the White Eagle, remained always in or near the Arapahoe village.

"When *Le Longue Carbine* failed to reach *Le Bete Feroce*, he struck the Arapahoe hunters and braves wherever they were to be found. Many a red hunter went out on the trail of the buffalo and never returned to his lodge. Many an Arapahoe brave fell by the bullets of *Le Longue Carbine* in sight of their own wigwams. Years passed, and the single rifle of the White Medicine had sent the best and bravest of the Arapahoe hunters and warriors to the spirit hunting-grounds. Many a lodge was made desolate. Many an Arapahoe squaw mourned a husband or lover slain, and cursed the name of *Le Longue Carbine*. The Arapahoes called the destroyer Sha-ne-ta, (the Prairie Fiend,) and feared him more than they did the Great Manitou.

"At length when the White Eagle had pursued his vengeance for more than six years, and decimated the braves of the Arapahoe Nation, one day a bullet from his rifle found the heart of *Le Bete Fleuve* at mid-day, in the very centre of the Arapahoe village. Then the vengeance of *Le Longue Carbine* was satisfied. His murdered Dove was avenged. The black cloud drifted from his heart. He returned to his lodge which, in his absence, had been occupied by the good French priest who had united him in marriage to his lost Ith-le-wan-ti. He went for his child, and the White Fawn returned to her father, a beautiful prairie flower of fifteen just blossoming into more lovely maturity.

"The gentle, loving Winnooski was grieved and pained to find her father's hairs white, and his cheeks withered and wrinkled with his long years of sorrow and almost restless vengeance.

"Winnooski had so early found a lover, a handsome, fair haired youth, with the features of her father, and though so young, a second Lieutenant in the United States Infantry. When the White Eagle's brother, who accompanied Winnooski and her lover to her home, made known to her father that the young officer was the White Fawn's cousin, the son of *Le Longue Carbine's* elder brother, and vouched for his integrity and worth, the widowed father approved of the affection that existed between his daughter and nephew, and only stipulated that Winnooski should not marry until she was eighteen, and then that his son and daughter should remain with him so long as he should live.

"Macousta knows both the white officers, the brother and nephew of *Le Longue Carbine*. Ottoka will not name them. Macousta shall hear their names from the lips of the White Fawn. It is four years since Winnooski came home to the lodge of her father. Ottoka has told the white hunter the story of the White Eagle. It is time to ride to the lodge of *Le Longue Carbine*."

In ten minutes we were in the saddle, and by a trail something circuitous, leading across the prairie, a half-hour's moderate ride brought us in sight of the Eden home of the *White Eagle* and his beautiful prairie flower, the gentle White Fawn. It was a low, one-storied cottage, capacious enough on its one floor to accommodate a great deal larger household than the one inhabiting it. The building was something rude, but substantial enough for a block-house, in construction, with a wide projecting roof, a porch on all four sides, and windows narrow, strongly barred, their sills quite six feet from the floor of the porch.

The cottage, or block-house, occupied a gentle eminence, some two hundred yards from the river bank, and was surrounded by it might be two acres of alternate open ground and shrubbery, all fenced with a strong cedar palisading, the whole bathed in brilliant moonlight, and lying there as silent as if no living thing existed in or about the place.

The Arapahoe had not arrived—that we were certain of, as two great hounds were stretched upon the porch on the moonlit side of the house, fast asleep, and the Indian could not have reached the cottage without arousing them.

Ottoka, with all his Indian sagacity, had committed a blunder that no white man, of however limited capacity, would have been likely to make—a mistake that an Indian almost always falls into when it comes to a question of time. I have often wondered that this incapacity of the Indian to compute or fix one time relative to another, should have entirely escaped the notice of the most correct delineator of Indian character that ever lived—our own unequalled Cooper. I have observed the peculiarity in a thousand instances.

Ottoka had confidently asserted that it would require three hours for the Red Serpent of the Arapahoes to reach the lodge of the White Eagle. His story, told in the sententious manner of the red man, had occupied less than half an hour; our ride had covered only about forty minutes; so that we were nearly two hours in advance of the time at which Wa-u-nunga would be likely to reach the block-house. When I pointed out the error to Ottoka, he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Ugh! Indian not know much count *two* times. S'pose wait Macousta."

"But why not arouse *Le Longue Carbine*, and the White Fawn before the Red Serpent comes?"

"Macousta little boy. Wa-u-nunga no come. Another night come—Ottoka and Macousta not here. Red Serpent kill White Eagle and carry off Winnooski. Wait—see what *Le Longue Carbine* do."

We had approached the enclosure on the western or up-stream side on foot, having secured our horses in a thicket a quarter of a mile from the palisades. Ottoka began to make a low chirping noise, exactly like the piping of a brood of young grouse. The dogs were soon aroused, and sniffing around the house for two or three minutes, they took the direction of the call, whipped through an opening in the palisades, and came whimpering around outside of the enclosure, directly up to us, making a great show of gladness about my companion, as if they were delighted at having found an old friend.

Ottoka quieted down the dogs, and for near two hours we crouched down there in perfect silence. Then the chief whispered:

"Hist, Macousta! Hear paddle! Arapahoe come now."

I listened intently, but could hear no sound like the dipping of a paddle. Ottoka was right, nevertheless, for in about a quarter of an hour we saw the Arapahoe mount the palisades on the side next the river, unsling and string his bow, draw two arrows from the quiver at his back, peer cautiously about him as if searching for the dogs, and then quietly slide down the palisades and disappear around the corner of the house.

"Spose go now. Serpent no look behind," Ottoka whispered, and glided along the palisades towards the opening through which the hounds had issued, followed closely by the two dogs, and they as closely by myself.

The red chief was right about the Arapahoe's looking back. He seemed to have forgotten that any danger could be behind him. When we reached the northern porch, where we were entirely in shadow, and stepped on a bench underneath two of the windows looking into the interior, we saw the moon shining in from the opposite side full upon a white-haired man stretched on a couch, lying on his right side, his face turned towards us, sleeping profoundly; and stealing across the apartment with noiseless steps, towards the white-haired sleeper, was the Arapahoe Serpent, grasping in his right hand the handle of his hatchet, while in his left flashed the blade of the murderous scalping-knife.

The savage stood beside the unconscious sleeper, and poised the gleaming hatchet as if to deal the death blow.

But for my implicit faith in Ottoka, I should have dashed in the glass and dropped the red devil dead with my revolver. But I knew I might safely await the action of the Ottowa, and so holding my breath I watched the progress of the drama.

As if to whet his devilish appetite for blood, the red fiend delayed the blow to taunt his sleeping victim.

"Wa-u-nunga is a great chief. He hates the pale faces. The scalps of six white men hang in the lodge of the Red Serpent. *Le Longue Carbine* is the murderer of a hundred Arapahoe braves. The Serpent will strike the white-haired Shonsta, and hang his scalp in the smoke of his lodge. Wa-u-nunga is a mighty chief. He—"

"Wa-u-nunga is a *coward*. A slimy snake. He is a foolish squaw. He would strike a white-haired man in his sleep!"

The voice was clear and musical as the call of a silver bugle. The vision, one of more than mortal loveliness. A slight, graceful form with dusky features and black flashing eyes had stolen noiselessly into the room in the rear of the assassin, and stood beside him before he was aware of her presence.

"*Wah!*" exclaimed the detected murderer, turning his head to look at the White Fawn, and that instant both his arms were pinioned in the iron grasp of *Le Longue Carbine* who held him as if he had been a child's toy."

"Poor fool—*coward*—*squaw!*" said the White Eagle, shaking the weapons from the grasp of the red murderer. "Did the foolish Arapahoe Snake think he could strike *Le Longue Carbine* sleeping! The White Medicine will not kill the Arapahoe. He is sick of blood. His hands have been red with the blood of a hundred Arapahoe dogs and he is tired. Go, foolish squaw, return to your lying tribe, and tell them that the White Eagle never sleeps."

Le Longue Carbine sent Wa-u-nunga from him with such force that he was dashed against the wall and fell stunned to the floor.

In a moment or two a door near the foot of the couch on which the White Eagle had lain feigning sleep, swung open, and there entered a captain and lieutenant of the Sixth U. S. Infantry. In an instant I was down from my perch, and rushing into the apartment, followed more leisurely by Ottoka, I was holding by the hand on one side Capt. Adrian Adair, and on the other, that of Lieut. Eustice Adair, two gallant officers, and my most intimate friends, the latter, the affianced husband of the beautiful prairie flower, Winnooski. Then I knew, even before Capt. Adair introduced me to his brother, that *Le Longue Carbine* of the Arapahoes, *White Eagle* of the Loups, and the *Great White Medicine*, of many of the Western tribes, of whom I had heard five hundred times, was none other than Victor Adair, of whose kindness and generosity I had heard five thousand times, among the grateful Pawnees and Omahas.

While we were engaged in our greetings, some one had observed that Ottoka had very quietly left the apartment, leading out the half conscious Wa-u-nunga. He was absent more than an hour, and when he returned, and we questioned him in regard to the *Red Serpent*, he replied:

"The Arapahoe was a *murderer*. His hands were red with the blood of white men and women, and little children. He struck them in time of peace. Wa-u-nunga was a coward. A lying snake. The Ottowa chief could not permit the murderer to return to his tribe."

That was all that Ottoka told us. And we needed no more. We knew that the Arapahoe assassin would never again disturb the peace of the White Eagle and his happy son and daughter.

IN THE DARK.

Out of the earthly years we live,
How small a profit springs;
I cannot think but life should give
Higher and better things.

The very ground whereon we tread
Is clothed to please our sight;
I cannot think that we have read
Our dusty lesson right.

So little comfort we receive,
Except through what we see,
I cannot think we half believe
Our immortality.

We disallow and trample so
The rights of poor, weak men,
I cannot think we feel and know
They are our brethren.

So rarely our affections move
Without a selfish guard,
I cannot think we know that love
Is all of love's reward.

To him who smites, the cheek is turned
With such a slow consent,
I cannot think that we have learned
The holy Testament.

Blind, ignorant, we grope along
A path misunderstood,
Mingling with folly and with wrong
Some providential good.

Striving with vain and idle strife
In outward shows to live,
We famish, knowing not that life
Has better things to give. A. C.

THE NATURE OF DIAMONDS.—Experiments show that diamonds cannot be produced by Plutonic agency, as they become black when subjected to a high degree of temperature. That they are, on the contrary, of Neptunian origin, and were at one time in a soft condition, is proved not only by the impressions of grains of sand and crystals on the surface of some of them, but also by the enclosure of certain foreign bodies, such as other crystals, germinating fungi, and even vegetable structure of a higher organization. If these conclusions be accepted, confirming and extending as they do the views held by Newton, Brewster, and Liebig, diamonds seem to be the final product of the chemical decomposition of vegetable substances.

COST OF "TEARS AND INK."—Literature is mostly the result of privation. Surround every genius with the audience most sympathetic with him, and he would never seclude himself to write, but would pour forth his thoughts in "winged words" alone. Now, however, finding himself in solitude, the only way to reach his audience "fit though few," and scattered through the ages, is by letters.

BARNUM has a great family for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for next to nothing. He had kicked a dog.

OLD FRIENDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Is life's red banner furled at last?
Is the hard-fought battle won?
O, my soul! what have we done
To earn a shelter from the blast?

II.

While many wander o'er the wold
In the dark and in the rain;
Hand in hand they go with pain
Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold.

III.

O, weary soul! the end is near—
Now shall we enter into rest?
Above all others are we blest;
O, my soul! my soul! part we here?

IV.

Yes: I to sleep beneath the sod,
Thou to wing thy distant flight
Thro' the ebon gates of night
Past flaming stars straight to thy God.

LIZZIE MATTIERS.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VERNET.

THE SEA-EGG. (*Estrella Imperrasso.*)

A globule of gelatine, inclosed in a thin, brittle shell of phosphatic coralite, round in one of its diameters, flattened at its vertical axis, covered with black, hard, and very sharp thorns an inch in length on the mature specimen, the full-grown shell, divested of its thorns, measuring five inches in circumference, in life, stationary—attached to rocks that are always under water—dead, it becomes detached from its rock-home, divested of its bristling thorns, the inanimate jelly oozes or is eaten from its shell by fishes and marine insects, and the empty, denuded globe, beaten about by the restless waves, is at length thrown upon the beach, a beautiful, fragile shell, white, delicately tinted with pale blue and pink, slightly ribbed, the corrugations having along them regular lines of minute, pearly buttons, largest in the centre, and diminishing to a mere point at either extremity.

Such in appearance, construction, and its animal economy, is the *Sea-Egg*. Something now of its functions and utility.

That the queer creature possesses life and animal functions is beyond question. But it is of the very lowest order in the scale of creation, its functions less active than some of the zoophite plants. In early infancy, the *Estrella do Mar* floats hither and thither with the drift of the current, an apparently inert, glittering particle of jelly, no larger than a pin-head, living in its unprotected, vagabond way until having attained the diameter of a large pea, it begins to put on its fragile, phosphatic shell—at first white and smooth as an egg-shell. Then, when the whole thing—shell and jelly—has increased its bulk to the size of a medium toy marble, it attaches itself to the rock, shoots out its black, porcupine-like thorns, and goes on increasing its proportions, until its greatest diameter is equal to that of the largest hen's egg.

But by what hidden mechanical process the apparently inanimate mass of thin, viscid jelly manages, while hermetically sealed up, to increase its own bulk, and that of its phosphatic house, and at the same time shoot out those hard, sharp spurs to an inch in length, is a mystery of marine mechanism requiring a closer and more patient investigation to solve than I ever found leisure to devote to it.

The habitable ocean limits of the *Estrella* is a very wide one. In the North Atlantic it is found from the Bermudas to the Equator, and from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico to those of Africa, around all the islands where there are rocks, or anything like coral formations. In the Pacific, it is as wide as the ocean itself—never, however, extending much further north than the parallel of about 33 deg. N., either on the American or Asiatic side. Nearly all the islands in the Indian Ocean—the Coral, Yellow, and Sea of Celebes—abound with these queer marine burrs; and along the west coast of America, in the majority of the Pacific groups, and all along the shores of Asia, wherever they abound, the Sea-Egg forms an article of diet, not only for the savage, but commonly enough for civilized man. And when cooked by being simply boiled for five minutes, they are delicate, delicious, and most certainly nutritious. The jelly thus cooked resembles very nearly the white of an egg boiled hard, but its taste is nearer like that of the sweet, fresh yolk of the hen's egg, and, eaten with a little butter and pepper, the flavor is quite equal to that of the best, fresh egg. Salt they require none of, having in themselves the rich, saline flavor of our best salt-water oysters.

These marine eggs can neither be baked or roasted, as they invariably pop open like a roasting chestnut at a moderate, dry heat, and the jelly contents will run out and be lost. They may be fried, however, in the same manner that domestic eggs are, and are very good thus cooked, though inferior in flavor to boiled ones.

The usual practice among all the Pacific islanders, and the Indians of the West Coast, of cooking the Sea-eggs, is by steaming them. They first build a fire and heat the sand or earth underneath, then scoop out a cavity, in which they place a bed of wet *kelp*, or seaweed; on this bed they place the eggs, covering them with another wet blanket of kelp, and over it rake the hot sand and coals, and in about twenty minutes they have a nest of fine, fresh, steamed eggs.

All along the northern shores of the Strait of Magellan, the Patagonians subsist almost exclusively on steamed *Sea-Eggs*, and their wretched neighbors on the opposite side of the Strait—the miserable, brute *Terra-del-Fuegans*, gorge themselves with, and grow fat on the raw material. It is a very queer animal altogether, this *Estrella-Imperrasso*.

COARSENESS and criminality are near neighbors; and a taste for refined pursuits has a powerful tendency to take men away from vice. A coarse community invariably victimizes the weaker sex; and the amount of civilization and human worth in any society may be gauged by the cultivation of its women and the respect they receive.

MOUNT AIRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

After Howard Raine had disappeared, I took my sketch-book and again repaired to the woods; but I could not sketch that day. A restlessness had seized me which made every effort futile, and I finally returned home to lounge away the afternoon in the library.

I loved poetry dearly, and from the book-case I took a favorite volume of Byron's—Childe Harold. Then I read awhile from Lalla Rookh, finally casting it aside for Mrs. Browning's matchless Aurora Leigh. I liked the spirit she put into her heroine, taking her calmly into scenes from which the most delicate would shrink involuntarily, for a friend's sake. How gently she threaded that dreadful alley, while the miserable lost creature who looked from her window cursed her for her happier lot. There were no words of anger, or glances of contempt. Only a divine pity, far down in her woman's heart, and a woman's gentle sympathy on her quiet face, as she passed on. I revelled in this noble creation of a woman's genius with a sort of triumph. Without the help of critics I could appreciate the strength and vigor of her mind as well as its more delicate and elevated beauty. Her quaint imagery, her vivid description, her novel figures of speech, all tended to give a power to her works which absorbed me. I had grown oblivious to the world, when the sharp clatter of horses' feet upon the gravelled drive below, startled me from my book, and sent me shivering with the sudden shock to the window.

Howard was dismounting, and one glance showed me a pale face—pale as marble—while the rich hair was blown about it in wild disorder. He waited only for the groom to take the bridle, and then dashed up stairs, making straightway to the library, where he was sure to find me, he knew, if indoors. I met him at the threshold, my heart sick and heavy with dread.

"Oh! Nettie!" he gasped. "Nettie!" and then he leaned against the door for support, while I stood before him dumb with unspeakable fear. After a moment he roused himself, reached forth and took my hand gently, leading me to a sofa, with the tenderness of a brother.

"Nettie! dear Nettie! can you bear sad news?"

"Better than this suspense," I answered faintly. "Tell me quickly what has happened."

"Oh, it seems as if I cannot!" burst from his lips with one great cry of anguish. "Why, Nettie, poor child, it will kill you."

"Howard, my father, mother! What has happened to them? Tell me at once, if you would not drive me mad!"

I stood up before him, holding his hand in both my own with a convulsive clasp, as if I would wring from him the news I still dreaded to hear, yet must know. Large tears fell over his face. His voice shook, and through broken sobs I heard the story of my desolation.

"They had almost reached town," he said, "when the horses took fright, and plunged madly down an embankment. Some one saw the accident, and hastened to them with assistance; but when they reached the spot by a circuitous route, and drew them from the crushed carriage, both were dead! The horses had both been killed also. Of the four lives that went down, not one was saved. The remains had been carried to the town, and prepared for removal home. Ere long they would be here, and he had come on before to prepare me for the arrival."

I heard it all through without one cry or tear! I seemed congealed to stone. One wild, mad thought ran through my brain. I had rebelled against my fate—I had wished for freedom, and—I was free! God had listened to my oft-repeated desires, and I was free! But at what cost! A price that made it worse than slavery.

"Oh, my dear father, my tender mother—gone—both gone! My God! my God!"

I knew no more after that bitter cry passed my lips until the sun had gone behind the hills, and I woke to hear smothered sobs, hushed words and footsteps, while one form close beside me seemed to watch for every breath, and some one held my hand in a close clasp that would not yield. I knew that it was Howard before I opened my eyes upon his anguished face. I was glad, too, to find him there; glad to test the faithful fervency of his love even in that hour, when my heart lay a crushed, dead weight in my bosom.

"Nettie," he whispered tremulously, "are you better now? Tell me that I have not killed you with my haste. I ought to have broken it to you more carefully. It was cruel to come upon you so, without one word of warning to prepare you. Forgive me, Nettie."

"Why talk of that? I must have learned the awful truth sooner or later. But tell me, Howard, how did it happen that you were not near them? I thought you would have been beside the carriage, and any accident would have been less serious in its result, perhaps."

I did not mean to chide him, but I felt him start and tremble, as if stung by some unseen thing.

"I ought to have been with them, but was not," he answered lowly. "My heart was heavy, and I lingered far in the rear. When I could control my sad thoughts, and spurred on to join them ere entering the town, it was too late. Oh, Nettie, I am heart-broken. Do not chide me for this awful blow. I would have shielded you with my life from every sorrow!"

No need to tell me that. I knew it. And yet, how perverse a thing is the human heart. With my face buried in the lounge pillows where I lay, I remained silent, speaking no word of comfort to him, though his words and his presence seemed, the only things on earth that could ease the remorseless pain at my heart.

He sat silent beside me, and made no complaint. Once or twice I felt a tear drop on my hand, but I did not stir. The world was utterly dark—life so lately full of rich, rare beauty, a void which nothing could fill. I thought of my late ambition, and a groan broke through my lips, of my bereavement, and longed to die. What was all the world to me now—the freedom for which I had panted? Nothing, nothing!

"Oh, if I *could* die!" I moaned, in despair, after a long time given to the utter wretchedness of thought. I had almost forgotten Howard's presence, and made no effort to restrain the expression of my misery.

"Nettie, don't say that!" came from his lips, in quick, agonized accents. "If you were gone, I should have nothing to live for. It is wrong for you to wish it."

His words roused me. Out of the depths of my torturing sorrow I answered him cruelly.

"It is not wicked to wish it when God has robbed me of all that could make life worth the keeping. As for you, there would be as much to live for with me dead as with me living. What am I to you? Nothing!"

"Nay, you are all the world to me, my poor Nettie. It is I who am nothing to you. You will not let me hope to be anything; but the only boon I crave, is to be allowed to help—to befriend you in this trying crisis, when there is no other to take a friend or brother's place. Do not deny me this privilege."

"I will not. Do as you will, Howard. Only leave me alone now—for I am too heart-sick to bear your presence."

He rose reluctantly, and a bitter sigh swept through his lips to my ear. But he obeyed me without a word of remonstrance; and the next moment I was alone in the library.

The house was very still. I knew that the mangled remains of my beloved parents had been brought home, and laid out side by side in the east room, as we called it, where they had spent much of their time together while living. From the servants in passing, I had caught low fragments of speech which informed me of this, and now it was done, and they had retired to their own part of the building, leaving the silence of death in the portion where I lay.

The old housekeeper stole into the room once to beg me to go to my chamber, and let her send me some refreshments—but I sent her away with a refusal. The only wish in my heart then, was to be left alone.

It was far into the night when I at length rose from the lounge where my father had loved to lie and read, to go to them—the dear lost ones. Dim lights burned throughout the house. The front parlor, which adjoined the east room, was occupied by watchers; but I knew that my mother's boudoir opened into it from the opposite side; and I went softly down the long hall to her door. Through her chamber to her boudoir, with all the little evidences of her late presence there, which broke me down completely. There were her tiny slippers upon a stool where she had left them; her wrapper upon a chair, ready to don immediately upon her return. Her work-box stood open, and the little gold thimble lay upon a delicate embroidered handkerchief, in the corner of which were partly wrought, the initials of my own name. I lingered looking at them until the frozen fountain of my tears was broken up, and I fell upon my knees by her great chair, burying my face in the cushions with uncontrollable sobs.

A long time I wept there. It seemed as if my very life would flow out with my tears. I so seldom wept, when tears did flow, it was in a deluge. Mine was not a nature to yield for tears to every passing phase of feeling. Heavy sorrows seemed to stunt my souls with their power, and I could not find the relief that tears bring. But now these things had touched me tenderly, and I was melted down from my stony silence into a perfect storm of grief, until all my strength was exhausted.

The clock upon the mantel chimed one, and I rose from my kneeling posture blinded and giddy. My limbs almost refused to bear my weight, but I staggered forward and entered the East room.

Side by side they had been laid, with tapers burning around the white draped bier. I stood just inside the room, inhaling the perfume of the flowers loving hands had strewn about the bodies, and half fainting with the deathly sickness they occasioned. How still the room was! And yet, ah me beside the dead was one living form, with bowed head, leaning toward the cold and silent ones, who could no longer answer back to his mute but loving appeal. I felt my heart grow warm and tender toward him as I looked, for his utter abandonment to grief was touching in the extreme. His love for them had known no limit, and his tried heart, failing in sympathy from all other sources, had turned to the dead, had sought in honor to them to find the relief it so much needed.

My tears rained over my cheeks afresh at the sight, and I went softly to his side, laying my hand lightly upon his shoulder.

"Howard—good, kind Howard, let me thank you," I murmured through sobs. "In all the world I have not found one so true, so unselfish as you."

He looked up with a bright gleam in his sad eyes, which lit up the pale features incomprehensibly.

"Do you feel so, Nettie? This is a comfort indeed. I would have you feel so always, and will try to make you understand me so. It is your happiness I seek. I could die to secure it to you."

"I believe it, Howard; and I thank you, though I know how utterly unworthy I am of such unselfish regard. Oh, Howard, I feel like a murderer! I have killed them and shattered your life! There is nothing left for me but remorse and self-loathing."

"Hush! How can you talk so? You are not yourself. What could you have to do with their death?"

"I daily rebelled against the fate which fettered my actions with their love. I shut my eyes to the blessings of His gift, and tempted God to take it from me. Now it is too late, and with freedom has come despair. Hope is gone. Ambition is gone! All the world is black, and I have only pain—oh! such bitter, burning, aching pain!"

A look of mortal agony swept over his face. He had risen, and was leaning against the mantel for support. I saw that he trembled like an aspen.

"Oh, child, if I had the power to comfort you! But I am helpless—I can do nothing."

Such utter, utter hopelessness was in his trembling voice! I knew that he was longing to take me to his heart and hold me there, safe in the shelter of his arms. I longed to rest my weary head upon his faithful breast. Yet I dared not, for the hope that it would give him.

Turning from him resolutely, I placed my hand upon the drapery that concealed the dead from my view. He saw me, and sprang forward.

"No, no! you must not, Nettie! The sight is too fearful. They were so—so—crushed. I dare not let you see them!"

With a firm, steady touch, he held my arm and drew me away. I was too weak to resist, and suffered him to do as he willed, though my heart had yearned for one more look upon the beloved features. He knew that I could not find what I sought, and mercifully withheld me from the terrible shock.

After that, little was said. I sat down beside the bier, and leaned my head against it passively. He could not persuade me to retire and seek rest, so he resumed his seat, and remained silent, respecting my feelings as only those can who love entirely and truly.

I thought of it all as he sat there, so near me that his very breathings reached my ear. Every sigh, half stifled though they were, woke more and more of pity in my heart. But I made no sign, and the grey dawn crept in upon silence and wretchedness—the dead and the living.

I will pass over the two days previous to the funeral. A dreary stretch of mortal anguish they were to me, unrelieved by the final burial of my dear ones. The neighboring gentry for miles around flocked in crowds to prove their respect and sympathy; and on the afternoon of the third day we laid them under the willows at the foot of the lawn. From their graves I returned to my desolate home, and all night long looked out upon the newly sodded mounds, beneath which slept all of kindred blood. In all the wide world I had no other relations but those, and they had passed from my side without a moment's warning—had fallen in their prime, like leaves just colored with rich, ripe tints, torn prematurely from their native boughs by a whirlwind.

Oh, my lost ones! My lost ones!

Kind friends remained with me in the house after the funeral, but there was no comfort in their presence. I wished only to be left alone with my misery. Death would have been a boon to me then, but I dared not woo it. God had sent upon me a heavy punishment for sin, and I tried to bear it meekly—aye, even meekly after the first bitter shock. I curbed my spirit down in its fierce and proud rebellion to humility. The will to battle with my fate passed away, and from the ashes of a fire which had burned fiercely upon my heart's altar sprang the one wish—to see my duty clearly, and to perform it. Unto what was God leading me through the "fiery ordeal?" I had sinned, and this was my punishment. But was this all? Was there no other purpose in my punishment than the atonement of sin? This I could not believe. So I bowed my head and waited. Then I prayed for light and guidance.

Many came to me in the week which followed, and tendered me a home beneath their roof in their kindness of heart, seeing my loneliness. Declining this they begged to remain awhile with me, which I also declined, and finally found myself alone in my home, with only the household servants about me. Howard had gone the day of the funeral, after doing all that could be done for me, and since that time I had not heard from him. We never had any conversation after that night. Once or twice he had come to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY, Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
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me to ask my wishes in the preparations going on, but that was all, and he left me without a word of adieu when all was over.

This did not pain me. I appreciated the delicacy of feeling which prompted all his actions, and thanked him for it in my heart. But when the days passed along wearily, and my strength failed each day, I began to long for his presence—to feel the need of the great, true heart I had put away from me in my pride and impetuousness.

I did not expect him to return. To me he was lost forever—lost as surely as those others whose graves I watched lying so peacefully under the moonlight every night. I had put his love away from me as I had ignored all other blessings, and its loss was now a part of my punishment.

Old haunts—favorite nooks and streams, wooed me forth as in times past, but the keen relish for my work was gone. I labored feverishly, hoping to forget—trying to school myself to patience.

Until now I had never tried to sketch my home, but the need of some absorbing employment induced me to make the effort, and I began it a few days after finding myself alone.

I had just got it outlined from the point at which my story opens, when an event occurred which put a stop to the design, and it was abandoned.

One day I sat upon a little camp-stool which I had always used when wandering about with my sketching, busily transferring a rock covered with ferns to paper, when a shadow fell across my lap, and I looked up to see Howard Raise at my side. He had grown very pale and hagged. I almost cried out with distress at the sight of his woe-worn face when I saw it; but he only smiled sadly and held out his hand.

"I am glad to see you in your old haunts, Nettie. It is a relief to be able to concentrate the mind upon some interesting employment when trouble comes."

"A necessity, Howard. Were I to remain idle, I should go mad or die. Labor is my mode of self-defence. I *must* work."

"Poor Nettie! And you have worked hard, haven't you?"—his voice tender and pitiful. "You could not bear any addition to what you have to suffer now, could you?"

I felt my lips grow pallid, and my heart beat heavily.

"Is there more?" I gasped faintly. "Ah! from whence could it come? What else can there be? There are none left me, so no more friends are dead. What is it, Howard?"

"Nothing. I am worse than mad to alarm you. While I live, no ill shall come to you from which my manly strength can shield you—believe me, Nettie. I only ask to be your friend. As a friend, it is my duty to tell you something that is not pleasant, but you will forgive me, and let me set the tangled web as straight as possible."

"What can you mean?"

"Read this."

"A mortgage upon Mount Airy! Why, Howard, how came you with this?"

"Nettie, listen, and I will frankly tell you all. Years ago, when your father and mine were boys, they were fast, firm friends. After their marriage, your father got into pecuniary difficulties that were greatly embarrassing, and my father offered his aid. Mount Airy had been mortgaged, unluckily, before, and my father, to keep off a trouble which threatened, purchased it of the holder, since which time he held it up to his death. You know that event to have been of recent date, but you cannot know that your father failed to retrieve himself in all those years; that matters went worse and worse with him until lately. The interest and the mortgage had come to cover the whole value of the property owned by your father. But had mine lived, no trouble could ever have reached him. Long ago it would have been cancelled, had not the indomitable pride which ruled your father's life forbidden him to accept, at the hands of his friend, favors he would not ask of others. To redeem himself seemed hopeless, but he did look favorably upon a proposition made to him, by which the property could come back to you legitimately. You know what that was, Nettie, but I will not pain you by dwelling upon it. Mount Airy would have been my marriage portion, and our home, could you have listened to my suit. As it is, I come to say to you that I have no right to it in my own estimation, and desire to cancel and return this mortgage to you. Do with it as you will, little friend. It is not mine."

"Mount Airy, my dear old home, a gift from you!" I cried. "You, whom I have treated curtly and unkindly many times! No, Howard, I cannot take it. Did you know it all this time—that this property was your own?"

"Not until within a week past, Nettie. My elder brother was appointed one of the executors to my father's estate, and has transacted all the business. I was absent until since I visited here last—had not been home for some months before my father's death. When I went back, a few days ago, I became aware of the state of affairs, and understood more clearly the arrangements into which our parents had entered. Only for my brother, what I now do would have been done more delicately—that is, I should have destroyed all claim to this property, and left you in quiet possession without this painful recital. He insisted upon certain conditions, to which I seemed to yield, but it was only that I might spare you a meeting with him. Pardon me for dwelling so long upon it. Now that you understand me, I will leave you; and though I may not be permitted to shield and watch over you as one who has a right, from afar off, I shall note every need, and when you are in want of a friend, you will find me beside you."

I rose and stood up before him, face to face.

"Howard Raise, do you think so meanly of me as to suppose that I could for one moment entertain the thought of accepting your gift? No. Take your own, and somewhere in the world I can find a shelter. I am orphaned, homeless, but I am not crushed so much by the last evil as the thought of the first, for in it there is no bitter sting of self-reproach. All that was needed to send me forth to the life for which I panted, has come to pass, and I see my way. I go into the world now to take my part among its active workers, and what I have not got, I must make. Such an offer as you have made, from another would be an insult. From you, it is but a proof of a generous kindness and love of which I am unworthy; but it will make me remember you with honor and gratitude. I owed it to you for them—now I owe it to you for myself."

He put up his hand deprecatingly.

"Nettie, my talk of gratitude is a mockery. You, you are nothing. I would have been everything to you; failing that, I ask to be your friend, and, in granting this, you make me your debtor. Will you make me a promise—one promise—before we part.

"If I can consistently."

"You shall judge. Let me know it if any change ever comes in your feelings toward myself; you may, as time passes, learn to think more kindly of me—nay, more tenderly, and, not daring to seek the knowledge, I shall pass my life hopelessly, unless you give some sign. I hope for nothing, Nettie, but I beg you to make me this promise."

Such wistful, wistful pleading was in his eyes!

"Yes, Howard, I do promise you if a change occurs, that I will let you know it. Be warned, however. It seems as if my heart has burned out, with only a seared and empty shell left, incapable of love. The germ of ambition yet remains, I think, and on its growth I build my future. It is not likely any other feeling will ever possess me. But you have my promise."

"Thanks," he murmured, and bent to kiss the hand he held. The sun touched his hair and pale, sad face with a warm, caressing light, and looking upon him, my heart beat fast with pity and tenderness. He did not linger to urge upon me the acceptance of his gift. He knew me too well for that, and slowly walked away with a sad adieu upon his lips. I looked after his retreating form with a strange yearning, which I would not have acknowledged as the evidence of love. And yet, had he turned with the impetuous steps of youth, and brought me to reconsider my decision, I should have told him then that there was hope. I knew then, as he disappeared, that my heart was not a burned out furnace, and that its strongest sentiment had been excited by his noble generosity.

With swift-falling tears, I bent once more over my sketching, but my pencils lay idly beside me. The desolation that seemed to sweep like a cloud over all my senses, became almost unbearable. It was but a little effort. By a short route and a few rapid steps, I might intercept and recall him. He would be overjoyed, and I should lose this sickening sense of loneliness. The overwhelming joy that rushed through my being at the thought, opened my eyes to the truth, as nothing else could have done. I loved Howard Raise already. Yet I dared not move. I must not recall him now, for Mount Airy lay between us! To what else than sordid meanness could he impute so rapid and complete a change? No. Howard must go, and I must work out my destiny alone. There was no help for it, and I bowed to my fate with scalding tears that would not be crushed back to their source. Once I would have scorned the weakness. Now, overwhelming afflictions had broken me down—made me weak and more womanly. The stern, proud self-reliance was humbled and subdued. I must learn to look upward for the strength I had lost—the happiness I had blindly and willfully put away from me.

Slowly, as the shadows began to deepen over Mount Airy, I rose and walked home—home! No. Not home now. It was no longer mine. Orphaned, friendless almost, and homeless, I was now doomed to wander over the face of the earth. Well, what mattered it. I had sought my own fate. It was a destiny of my own choosing, and I tried to take it up bravely.

Yet, even then, I did not dream of the utter weariness of the years that lay between me and rest. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Annual Offerings at the Crater of the Bromok.

The offerings generally consisted of cocoanuts, plantains, pine-apples, mangoes, and other fruits; baskets of chickens recently fledged; pots, pries, and baskets of rice; trays piled up with a variety of cakes exhaling incongruous smells; stripe of calico and silk; coins of silver, gold, and copper; besides numerous other objects. After some minutes spent in prayer, the people going through all the external forms prescribed by their creed, which often constitute the whole extent of their knowledge of it, each priest dipped his goupillon into the basket of water, which he took into his left hand, and, muttering some words, sprinkled the offerings as they were brought to him. All the holy men then bowed down, and repeated a loud prayer, which was echoed by the young penditas and some of the bystanders. The oldest of the priests next rose up, followed by all the others, repeating words which sounded like "Ayo! Ayo! Bromok!" probably meaning "Forward to the Bromok!" This was the signal anxiously expected. The mass of human beings now made a tremendous rush for the volcano, the first who succeeded in gaining the ridge believing himself favored by fortune, and certain of future good luck. Some of the old priests would stop every now and then, bid their followers spread the mat, and prostrate themselves in prayer for fully five or ten minutes—a proceeding which struck me as savoring strongly of sham, for no doubt they were fatigued, and made a virtue of necessity. The roaring of the Bromok seemed greater than it was yesterday—a fact most probably attributable to the lightness of the atmosphere. The various families and individuals then handed their offerings to the priests, who again mumbled a few words over them, after which their owners hurled them down the crater, repeating, as they did so, some prayer or wish. Cocoanuts produced a faint boom, boom, as they came in contact with the shelving sides, and were lost for ever. Plantains, rice, and cakes were thrown down in baskets, sending back columns of dust as they gradually disappeared. Our hostess threw down a number of coins and several small pieces of muslin.—*W. B. D'Almeida's "Life in Java."*

Mr. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" has been translated into Chinese. Mr. Wade, of the British embassy at Pekin, was the translator, and, in accordance with the custom of the country, he had the translation inscribed on the door posts of his house. "There," says an American paper, noticing the circumstance, "the calm, pure wisdom and beauty of its sentences greatly impressed a learned dignitary post, of the empire, who thereupon put it into pure Chinese poetical form of the last polish, and so writing it out with his own hand on a beautiful fan, sent it as a present to his brother bard at Cambridge (Mr. Longfellow himself.) It is pleasant for all of us admirers of that charming poem to know that thousands of Pekin folks stop to read, and admire it too, as they pass Mr. Wade's door."

Ages of a Nation.—In the youth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle age of a state, learning, and then both of them together for a time; in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise.—*Lord Bacon.*

My Quintette Club Friends.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

Whoever had the rare good fortune to attend the weekly matinées of the "Philadelphia Classical Quintette Club" last winter had an opportunity never before afforded them of having their eyes opened to the greatness of the Literature of Music. I was a subscriber and regular attendant. No storm, how severe, and we had many stormy Wednesdays, caused me to miss one of the Matinées.

I enjoyed intensely everything presented upon their richly varied programmes. My chief delight, however, was in the quartettes and quintettes of purely stringed instruments, and in the violin solos to which Mr. Gaertner, the leader, treated us from time to time.

Ah, there is no instrument like the violin, none so capable of presenting all the diverse shades of expression, and when in the hands of such a master as the leader of the Quintette Club it is heavenly. I used to love to watch him as he played, particularly in the quartettes and quintettes, when whilst rendering the most difficult parts himself he had to lead others, he seemed so greatly in earnest. Evidently with him music is something great and noble, something far above earth and its concerns. It is delightful as it is rare to meet with one devoted so truly and with such single-heartedness to his art.

I had still another pleasure in these matinées. I loved to watch the effect of the music upon different people among the audience. In many of these from seeing them thus week after week, I formed quite an interest.

There was one young lady in especial who made a deep impression upon me. She was quite young, about nineteen, I imagine, and was dressed in deep mourning. Her face was pale and worn, and the great, lustrous eyes bore often an almost unearthly expression. She used to sit very quietly, the hands lying listlessly in her lap, listening with wrapt attention to the music. There were times, too, when the hopeless sorrow would vanish from her face, and in its stead would come an expression of ecstasy. At such times she would look like one to whom the glories of heaven are already unfolded.

I became gradually more and more interested in her, and often I found myself gazing at her as one would gaze at a lovely picture whilst listening to music.

When the music was over, and this little stranger would be suddenly brought back to earth, she would draw a weary sigh and great drops of moisture would start out upon her brow. I often wondered who she was and what was her history, for history I knew she had. Like myself she never stayed away; week after week found her in her place, and I grew to feel almost as though she belonged to me.

One day, towards the end of the season, I think it was, the twenty-second Matinée, an accident prevented my coming early as was my wont. I missed the whole of the Mendelsohn trio in Cm for Piano, Violin and Violincello, and found the club playing the exquisitely tender Schubert Andante with variations. Fearing that that I should make a disturbance, for the pianissimo passages of this andante are rendered so perfectly by the club that the slightest sound seems magnified an hundred fold, I dropped into the very first seat.

What was my astonishment on looking around me on the conclusion of the piece, to find that I was seated beside my strange friend. It struck me as strange, for she never had sat so far back before.

I soon entirely forgot her, however, for the next piece upon the programme was the wonderful quintette in C, by Beethoven. This was one of the very few pieces played twice at the Matinées. I had heard the Club play it upon other occasions, too, yet 'tis ever fresh, ever new to me, and will always be so. I listened to the weird, unearthly strains almost breathless, and nothing short of what really occurred could have recalled me from the spirit world to which they led me.

I was first aroused by a strange, gurgling sound beside me, and looking quickly around, saw my next neighbor, the handkerchief at her mouth stained with blood, her face of a ghastly pallor. I sprang forward, and was but just in time to save her from falling. She lay, for several moments insensible in my arms, but revived for a minute, just giving me time to draw her gently from the room, before the last movement of the quintette was concluded.

I scarcely got her outside the door when she fainted again. A gentleman who sat near, and who was one of the few who saw what took place, had meanwhile hastened after me, and offered his assistance. I could think of but one thing. I requested him to carry her into the opposite hall, which was open and empty, and then hasten for medical aid. He proved, however, to be a physician himself, and did, I am sure, everything to restore her. He obtained the necessary restoratives in less time than I can write, from the drug store at the corner.

In a little while she opened her eyes, and looked wildly around her. She seemed as one awakened from a dream; she shuddered, made a movement to rise, but fell back again. Looking up imploringly into my face, she said,

"Please take me home! You are very kind, but I had better die at home!"

The kind gentleman who had given his aid had just gone for a carriage, and when it came, he carried her down gently and placed her in it. She aroused sufficiently to give me the direction of her house, and I drove away with her.

She did not speak again until I reached her home. With the aid of the old woman who opened the door, and who wept like a child at the sad sight, I carried her to her chamber. Then, as we laid her on her bed, she faintly whispered:

"Thank you!"

I sat beside her about an hour, waiting for the doctor, who had promised to call. The old woman knelt at the foot of the bed in silent anguish. As I looked at the young face on the pillow before me, I knew Death had set his seal upon her brow, knew no earthly power could save her; yet I longed for the medical man.

Suddenly she started up, her eyes bright with delirium, crying:

"Yes, Albert, I am coming; I heard you call! I have long wished it, and now I am really coming!"

Then all at once growing calm, she said, turning to me:

"You are very good to a lonely stranger. I knew I would die to-day. When I heard that quintette before, I recognized Albert's voice speaking from amidst the spirit throng, and I knew it would call me home if I heard it again. I was not well when I left home to-day, yet I was forced to come, he loved it so.

"I had no one in the world but Albert. I was an orphan, and only sixteen, when he married me; and when he went away and left me, I had only music to comfort me. Albert loved music, and he taught me to love it too. Music made us both pray better for these words could do.

"When Albert went away, he told me to come to these Matinees, that the music would comfort me. He said he would be with me whilst I listened, and he has always been with me, has often talked with me. To-day I heard his voice, he bid me come to him, and I am ready to obey.

"Good-bye! God bless you for your goodness to me. I shall tell Albert when I go home. Good-bye, Martha."

And as she sank back upon her pillow, a heavenly smile still upon her face, the pure spirit took its flight.

I sat as one spell-bound, gazing into the sweet angel face. This did not seem like death; it was simply a blissful going home. I bowed my head in prayer. God grant me such a childlike faith, so peaceful a journey home.

The old woman rose from her knees and brushed away the tears.

"Poor lamb! poor lamb!" she said. "God took her easy. I knew, when the young gentleman went away, that she could not live long. And to think of her remembering me!"

A ring at the door called her from the room. I hastened down stairs, and met in the passage the medical gentleman.

"You are too late," I said. Then for the first time giving way, I buried my face in my hands and sobbed aloud.

"I feared so," he said. "Yet had I come sooner I could have done nothing; and I have been detained at a death-bed where at least I was enabled to relieve suffering."

I thought it best to send word to her friends, that arrangements might be made for the funeral, but I found that her words had been but too true. She was indeed alone in the world.

The old woman told all she knew of her young mistress's history. The young lady's name was Mrs. Muller, and her husband, a German, young, handsome, and interesting, had died about eight months before, of heart disease. The young wife herself was an American, and had met and married Albert Muller at Munich, whither she had been sent by her guardian to be educated.

Adah was badly treated at school. She wrote to her guardian about it, but never received an answer. Her bills were regularly and carefully paid, but that was all the care her guardian ever bestowed upon her. Albert Muller became interested in her; he could not bear to see her suffer, and he offered her a home. They walked quietly to church one morning, and were married. He had always loved her, and yet but for her forlorn condition, would hardly have thought of marrying her for several years.

Of course a necessary condition to this marriage was the consent of Albert's father, but this had been easily obtained, for the kind-hearted old man's sympathies had been as deeply aroused as those of his son. He gave the young people a home, and was more than a father to Adah. They lived with him two years, and then he died; and after selling out his little patrimony, Albert Muller brought his young wife out to America.

All this the old woman had learned from the German maid who had come over with them, and who died not long after she herself had entered their service.

Immediately upon arriving at New York, Albert went to seek his wife's guardian, from whom, since their marriage, she had never heard. He found him a bankrupt. He had engaged in one of the speculations of the day, and lost not only his own but his ward's property. They had enough to live on comfortably, however, without this, and Albert always meant to go into business when his health, which for some time had been very delicate, improved. After spending nearly two years in New York, they had removed to Philadelphia, and had been here but a short time when the husband died.

The old woman shed many tears while giving us this information. She had lived with them so long, and they had been both very, very kind to her. Her young mistress, she said, had drooped and faded away ever since Mr. Muller died. She had coughed hard at night, and had often spit blood.

They had no friends in the city, not even an acquaintance, except Mr. C———, their man of business. So Dr. S——— kindly undertook to see him, and make arrangements with him for the funeral.

Three days afterwards they laid her in the grave beside her husband, in a quiet spot in Woodland Cemetery. Mr. C———, Dr. S———, the faithful Martha, and myself, were the only mourners, and besides the clergyman, undertaker, and grave-diggers, the only persons present. We had her buried by the beautiful and deeply impressive Lutheran service, for we felt sure that her Albert's mother tongue was dearer to her even than her own.

I had never been so completely overcome in my life by a stranger's death and burial. It seemed to me now as though I had lost a dear friend; and I regretted intensely, and had for the past three days, that I had not spoken to the lonely child long ago.

Dr. S——— went home with me after the funeral, and just as naturally as though we were old friends, he came in and sat with me a long time. A common interest had so united us, that neither could realize we had been acquainted so short a time. We sat together during the three remaining Matinées, and Dr. S——— walked home with me each time.

I never could tell how it came about, but three months after we were out walking one day, and Alock took me to see a new house he had just purchased. It was a perfect gem of a house, built with all the modern conveniences, and delightfully situated.

Then, without any words of explanation, we began furnishing this pretty house together; and last August we were married. It is very strange, but Alock says that he has watched me since the very first Matinée; and that my kindness to the stranger brought to life the feeling of love that had for some time lain hidden in his heart. I, too, had noticed him, and had felt a growing interest in him that I scarcely acknowledged even to myself.

Adah's faithful servant, the old woman I spoke of, came to live with us, and we find her a great treasure. Surely no two people were ever so happy as Alock and I. Yet I never can understand how he came to love me, he is so noble and good; so far above me. He don't think so, though; and sometimes he speaks such words of me, that he makes me blush. It shall be the work of my life, however, to be all that he now believes I am, and always to strive to make him happy—then all will be well.

AFTER THY DEATH.

Still shall the sun lead in the flowery spring,
To the glad music of the rippling streams,
And the long forest corridors all ring
With the bird's welcome for his cheering beams—
But not for thee.

Still, crowned with roses, shall the summer day
Drop flowery fragrance on the balmy air;
And on the hillside with eve's latest ray,
The pensive locusts fold their leaves in prayer—
But not for thee.

Still, like a bride with golden crown arrayed,
Rocked on the wave, the fragrant lily bloom,
And myriad blossoms in the forest glade
Enchant the senses with a rich perfume—
But not for thee.

Still shall the Autumn livery all the trees,
And crush the purple clusters of the vines;
And Winter, with rude fingers, sweep the keys
Of the grand organ of the sounding pines—
But not for thee.

What are earth's beauties when we tread the shore
Where clash the dark and sullen waves of Death?
When the weak frame sinks down to rise no more,
All earth can give, a short, quick, gasping breath—
What then for thee?

Wonderful as have been the improvements, amounting almost to original inventions, in the photographic art, during the past few years, another claims our admiration. The portraits, instead of being painted from the negative on paper; are produced on thin sheets of a gelatinous substance, which, besides rendering them transparent, produces the utmost delicacy and clearness of tone. Crisp white lights and well-defined shadows are not difficult to produce with ordinary processes, but these pictures have a softness, roundness and gradation of half-tints such as have not hitherto been seen in photographic portraits. The only objection to the process, which has been discovered by a Mr. Burgeous of London, is that it is complex, and therefore expensive; though we have repeatedly seen very wretched paper prints which cost as much. For the benefit of the curious in such matters, we give the following brief description of the process, which has not been patented:—"The first part of the process is simply that of taking a transparent positive on collodion, either in the camera or by direct contact with the negative on a dry plate. This transparency is toned, either with gold or bichloride of mercury, followed by hydrosulphate of ammonia; the former giving a black, the latter a brown tone. When dry, the plate is varnished and coated with a mixture of gelatine, glycerine and oxide of zinc, and when this is dry, it is again coated with plain collodion. In about two hours a penknife is run around the edges to strip the whole off the glass. After trimming, the picture is complete.

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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
sep30-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, by the Right Rev. Bishop Odenheimer, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Dodd, at Trinity Church, Princeton, WILLIAM H. BROWN, U. S. M. C., son of David Paul Brown, to CAROLINE BROCKTON, daughter of Com. Robert F. Stockton.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, D. D., Mr. JOSEPH B. COWPERTHWAIT, Jr., to Miss ANNIE E. SKILLMAN, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. HENRY R. CRAVEN, of Manayunk, to Miss LUCY A. RICHARDSON, of Philada.

On the 4th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JOHN W. MCCORMICK to Miss MARY B. PENNELL, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM PRICE to Miss FANNY MATLEY, both of this city.

On the 28th of Jan., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, BENJAMIN G. AMIES to PRISCILLA TOMLINSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. ISABELLA HACKETT, in her 71st year.

On the 10th instant, THOMAS DAVIS, in his 66th year.

On the 10th instant, MARY JANE, wife of George Coles, in her 43d year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. REBECCA FORDEN, in her 66th year.

On the 9th instant, JOSEPH CROCKETT, in his 43d year.

On the 9th instant, JOSEPH WATERMAN, aged 54 years.

On the 9th instant, CHARLES S. WAYNE, in his 8th year.

On the 6th instant, ELIZABETH GREAR, in her 84th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. C. LOUISA, widow of the late Elijah Cheston, M. D., aged 36 years.

On 9th-day, 5th instant, GEORGE CHANDLEE, in his 64th year.

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mar18-1y

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THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The OCTOBER number of this periodical, now issued, opens with a beautiful steel engraving, called "THE WANDERER'S RETURN." The sentiment of this engraving is very touching—the wanderer has come back to the scenes of his youth, and gazes with a heart full of emotion on the church where in childhood he passed so many pleasant and reverential hours. Of the Fashion Plate of this number we need only say that it is equal to any of its predecessors. Ladies tell us that the fashion plates of this magazine are particularly fine. The Music is "Minnie Minton, or I'll Meet You in the Morning," (Song and Chorus.) *The music alone of this magazine is worth more than the price of the book—did our fair readers ever consider that!* Then we have numerous engravings of "The Corded Corsage," "Zuleima Jacket," "Patterns for Morning Caps," "Riding Habit," "Evening Head Dress," "Bodice with Basque," &c., &c. We give the

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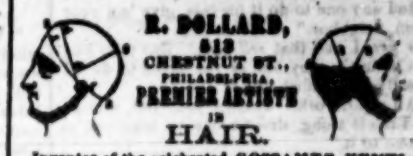

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as those who fall in the rebel ranks undoubtedly do, is foolish. But on the other hand
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REMARKABLE CURE OF STIFF KNEE BY ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.—How many persons, from stepping on a piece of orange peel, have been lamed for life. A case which might have been of this kind has just been brought to our notice. A gentleman, from placing the heel of his boot on a piece of orange peel, was suddenly thrown down, and violently sprained his knee. He was six months confined to the house, though he had the best medical advice. As a last resort a very eminent physician was called in to see if anything more could be done. After examination he said,—"My opinion is, your knee will never be bent again." He recommended that the whole leg and knee should be encased in a plaster of Paris bandage, which would accelerate the permanent stiffening of the knee, and said, "the sooner it was done the better." But the patient, before trying this application and having a stiff knee for life, enveloped it in our Porous Plasters, and in less than two months his knee was perfectly cured.
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feb27-tf 169 Nassau street, New York City.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Sharp Bell.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Joe F., the model wholesale and retail family grocer, just round the corner there in W. street, is a professional wag, and occasionally does some selling out achieved by weights and measures.

One day last week, Joe spent four hours elaborating in blue, black, and red ink, a fancy hand-bill, that he hung conspicuously on the outside of his door-post.

In about an hour, Josh T., wholesale dealer in dried and salt fish down Delaware Avenue, who supplies Joe with all that sort of material, drifted along, saw Joe's fancy bait, and bit at it.

"Any party purchasing $10 worth of goods, shall be sold on more reasonable terms than at any other establishment in town. Any persons dissatisfied with their bill, it will be given to them gratis—THREE CASH."

Josh was pretty well posted in Joe's proclivities, and sharp as a razor himself, and had some diamond corn-cuts with the grocer.

"Now I'll take Joe on the wing," Josh said to himself; and he went in and ordered fifty odd dollars' worth of choice groceries.

"I'll protest against that bill when it's made out, paid, and receipted, and fall back on Joe's poster for protection," Josh argued.

And he did protest, with good reason too, for Joe had charged him about twenty-eight per cent. above current rates for every article purchased.

The bill was paid, however, and theft Josh put in his pocket

"Look here, Joe. You advertise to sell parties buying $10 worth of goods more reasonably than any establishment in town."

"Yes; and live up to my profession. I don't charge you a single cent for *selling you*. If you can find any one to do it for less, give 'em your custom, neighbor."

"O yes, I see that *sell* now. But then how about giving me my bill, as you agree to do? I am really dissatisfied with it."

"All right, Josh. There's your bill, receipted. Take it along, sir—no use to me—you're welcome to it."

"*Sold* all round. I say, Joe, when do you want those No. 1 mackerel?" Josh went out, and off down street, whistling very softly, "O the tricks of trade."

BITTER.—As an instance of sharp practice, it is recently related that a merchant coming to this country went to an insurance office, in London, and wished to insure, separately, one thousand cigars, valued at £200, against loss by fire or water. The insurance was agreed to. After the lapse of six months he made his appearance at the insurance office and demanded his money, as the cigars had been all burned.

"But not on board the vessel, sir," said the secretary; "for she is in dock now."

"Yes, sir, on board that vessel," returned the merchant; "I smoked them, and, therefore, burned them all myself, and the insurance says against fire."

The secretary seemed taken aback, and had nothing to say; so the merchant said he would call the next day for his money; and the next day he called, but was met by the solicitor of the company, who told him if he did not relinquish his claim, he would be prosecuted as one who had knowingly and willfully set fire to goods assured by the company. The biter was bitten.

"YOUR FARE, MISS?"—A young lady from the rural districts of Hoosierdom lately visited Chicago with her beau. Getting into a city railroad car for the first time, she took her seat, while her lover planted himself on the platform with the driver. Very soon the conductor began to collect fare, and approaching the rustic maiden, he said, "Your fare, miss?" The Hoosier rose bud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself upon her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more—"Your fare, miss?" This time the pink deepened to carnation as the rustic beauty replied, "Wa'al, if I am good-lookin', you hadn't ought to say it out loud afore folks!"

A CLERGYMAN, thinking to puzzle a Quaker, asked him,

"Where was your religion before George Fox lived?"

"Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now," added the Quaker, "pray let me ask thee a question—Where was Jacob going when he was turned ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?"

"No, nor you either," said the clergyman.

"Yes, I can," replied the Quaker: "he was going into his eleventh year."

THE Duchess of ———, once beautiful and replete with wit, was congratulating herself on her youthful looks, and pretending that she was born at least twenty years later than she really was, when her daughter, more beautiful than her mother, endeavored to put a stop to her exaggerations by crying aloud, "Oh, mamma, do leave at least a year between our ages."

SEP.—A young person in this place noticing the picture of the Hippopotamus at the Odd-Fellows' Hall having the words, "Sep. 21st" pasted thereon, could not imagine what a "Sep" was. She went to her mistress, saying that the circus would have a "Sep, and it was twenty-one years old!' and also inquired what kind of an animal it was.

"IT is a very singular thing," said a tailor's apprentice to his master, as the latter was pressing a bobtail coat, "that the less there is of some things, the more there is."

"How can that be?" said the tailor.

"Why, there's that bobtail coat—the less you make the tail, the more bob it is."

"THE tailor makes the man!" emphatically declared a village philosopher. "No, sir," replied a bystander, "it is dress that makes the man." "Then what does the tailor make?" "Well, perhaps from two to five dollars profit on a suit."

WANTED.—A pair of scissors to cut a caper. The pot in which a patriot's blood boiled. The address of the gentleman who makes "tritles as light as air." A short club broken off the square root. And a rocker from the "cradle of liberty."

WE SHOULD THINK SO.

AUNT.—"Now, Clara, you should do as I do. Whenever any man follows me, I turn round, and give him one of *my* looks, and he is off immediately."

The U. S. Mail Boxes.

"You should have more faith," said I the other day to a friend, in answer to a remark, as we walked down the street together. "More faith!" repeated he, "I've none; that's a virtue I don't believe in; I've seen too much of human nature and of the world." "Yet you cannot live," said I, "without the daily and hourly use of it." "How so?" said he, as he paused to slip a letter into one of the mail boxes, which seem like a green *goitre* hanging from the throat of our street lamps. I have often wondered what crime these poor lamps have committed that such a weight of duty and responsibility should be imposed upon them. One would think that it was enough to require that, no matter how dull, how dreary, how weary the poor things may be, they must be cheerful and bright every night of their unfortunate lives; they must shed light and brilliancy on all around; one would think, I say, that, like night-nurses, night-police, or night-workers of any sort, such duty would exonerate them from the performance of anything further; but, no! with a hard and cruel exaction, pitiless and relentless in its nature, they are expected to stand throughout the whole day, receiving any amount which the insatiate public may choose to force into those narrow slits of mouths, which lift their one green lip to take in that wonderful mass of oblong white, brown and yellow communications, which make up the daily mail. But my friend has added his burden to the patient lamp at the corner, and turns for his answer. "So you say," said I, "that you have no faith—in fact, do not believe in the article, and yet are you not exercising it at this moment? Indeed, there are several acts of faith in what you have just done. First, you wrote your letter; that was an act of faith, inasmuch as you would not have done so had you not believed that there was some one at the point to which you intended to send it, to receive it; you did not know it; you took it on faith; you had to take it on faith that such a person was still there. Second, you had faith that if you wrote it, it would reach the desired point. Third, and it seems to me the highest act of faith of all of them, you walk to that little box and drop in what you inform me is an important steamer letter, and quietly walk on, satisfied that by that one act you have insured the reception of that letter by a firm in Liverpool, on the arrival of the next steamer. Is there no faith in this? No faith in believing that some one will certainly come to that special box, extract your letter from it, convey it to the general office, which, in its turn, will receive and forward it, even over the broad ocean, till it enters the counting-room of the business house of your friend in Liverpool?" My friend looked at me, paused, hesitated a moment, remembered an engagement, and bade me good-morning.

Arsenic Eating.

Statements of the most opposite character have been current from time to time, as to the existence in Styria of a class of arsenic eaters, who habitually indulged, with impunity, a taste for this violent irritant poison, and derived various supposed advantages from the practice. Dr. Von Tschudi's paper on the subject, in 1851, was extensively circulated in this country, and while by some it was accepted as veracious, it was generally rejected as fabulous. Professor Johnson gave it vogue by adopting it in his "Chemistry of Common Life;" but Taylor, in his standard work "On Poisons," treats the stories of Styrian arsenic eaters as exaggerated statements, utterly inconsistent with all that is known concerning the action of arsenic in this and other countries, and which, but for the literary support of Professor Johnston, would not have required any serious refutation. Professor Christison, apropos of the Wooler case, absolutely denied them in 1855, and treated the story as "a mass of absurdity," and a "pure fable." It does indeed seem incredible that men should swallow so virulent a poison as arsenic, in doses of five and six grains, with habitual impunity and even advantage. Roscoe and Hirsch have, however, furnished of late years unequivocal evidence that such is the fact, and in a late number of the Pharmaceutical Journal Dr. Macfarlane adduces additional evidence of the most entirely conclusive character. Arsenic eaters produced in *propriis personis*; the arsenic which they ate before him was taken from duly tested samples, and the secretions of the arsenic eaters being subsequently tested, gave the various chemical reactions indicating the presence of arsenic. Here there is no room for skepticism. Heiter, one of the arsenic eaters, stated that he could not do without his dose of arsenic, which he took at intervals varying from four to eight days; that when he has a distance to walk to his work, he takes a larger dose, and is then in good spirits for about eight days; that if, however, he intermits it for fourteen days, he feels stiff in the feet, with craving for another dose; the arsenic helps his digestion. He stated that all arsenic eaters are healthy; and that he believed that, as with opium, if the dose be gradually diminished, an arsenic-eater can break himself of the habit. It is evident that we must modify the opinion formerly held, that although the human body may be brought to bear with impunity gradually increasing doses of vegetable poisons, such as opium, it is not so with mineral poisons. Evidently, a tolerance can be established of arsenic, one of the most violent of mineral irritants.

A COUNTRYMAN who had lately occasion to provide himself with a pair of new shoes, took the measure of his own foot to a nicety, intending to send a boy to the shoemaker's, about three miles distant, to fetch him the shoes. Something, however, occurred to prevent the boy from going, and the man resolved to go himself. He accordingly set off for the cordwainer's, and was about half way on his road, when he suddenly stopped short, scratched his head, and muttered to himself: "Confound it! I forgot the measure." Back he went accordingly to procure it, and then proceeded to his original destination, where he learned with astonishment from the man of awls, that his own foot would answer better than the measure!

PRECOCIOUS.—A little girl who had not behaved properly at church, criticised, on her return, the dress of a lady who was there, saying that it had a tuck very near the hem, when her mother said, reprovingly, "I should think you would have been so much ashamed of your bad conduct that you could not have raised your eyes from the floor." "So I was, ma," was the ready answer; "and having my eyes cast down caused me to observe the bottom of Mrs. R.'s dress."

A MISSOURI GIRL.—There is a young lady in Henry county, Missouri, not yet sixteen, who is this year cultivating fifteen acres of corn. She does all the necessary work, including ploughing, and has taken this course to obtain money with which to educate herself.

AT what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him *sage*.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SEED-TIME.

There is, perhaps, no other subject in the whole round of rural affairs upon which farmers express a greater diversity of opinions than the proper time of putting in seed.

Often enough we hear turnip-seed time rung in rhyme:—"Sow the 25th of July, be it wet or dry." And many a producer of that esculent is there who would consider his crop a dead failure if not sown on that particular day. There are others who will obstinately forego the celebration of our national anniversary, and would religiously break the Sabbath, did our country's birthday happen to fall on that day, by putting in their buckwheat crop.

Others hold dates in utter contempt, and commit their seed to the earth whenever they are ready, totally regardless of wind, weather, or the natural fitness of things. The planting of corn in a single near neighborhood often ranges over a whole month of time, because of the difference of opinion in regard to the day most proper for planting. A will never plant a potato in the old of the moon, lest they all run to vines. B invariably plants his in Luna's last quarter for the same reason. And so runs the division of opinion in regard to almost everything the farmer commits to the earth in the shape of seed.

"Got your wheat in, Sam?" we heard one of our neighbors inquire this very morning of our mutual acquaintance, Sam. Gentry, one of our better-class farmers, by the way.

"No, sir. Three weeks from this time is early enough for my wheat," says Sam.

"Well, that's your opinion. Mine is, that I would about as soon leave my wheat lying over in the sack till next year as to have it out of the ground after the 20th of August."

"Too early, John—a great deal too early for wheat-sowing in this neighborhood," said Sam positively, and after our neighbors had passed on, and we had studied the philosophy of the thing some little time, and called up some recollections of facts in our experience, we whispered rather confidentially to ourself:

"Sam is right. There has probably been many a crop of wheat lost, or but partially made, in consequence of too early sowing—particularly on deep soils subject to heaving from frost.

The early seeded plants have got a strong, vigorous start, thrusting their roots down deep into the soil before cold weather sets in, a severe freezing of the ground occurs before a protecting covering of snow has fallen, then, after a few days, comes on a sudden and thorough "thawing out," upheaving the soil, snapping off the top-roots that have shot too far downwards, and whole acres of wheat are murdered by being "winter-killed." Had the plants been but half or a quarter as far advanced, the roots of course would have been so slightly developed, that but trifling injury would have occurred from heaving of the soil. The situation of the wheat plant under such circumstances is very like that of overgrown cabbage or tomato plants. Suffer them to obtain too great a bulk before removing from the seed-bed, and the consequence of transplanting is invariably a dangerous *wilt*, and frequently absolute death.

Another consequence of early seeding of wheat, and a stout autumn growth, in all regions where considerable snow falls, is that the premature plants are often *broken*, instead of being merely bent down by the first heavy snow mantle, and though they may get up and grow in the spring, they will never quite recover from that kink in the spine, and the result will be a feeble existence, weak back, frequently an *empty head*, a disposition to jaundice, an invitation to destructive insects, and a decided disposition to lie flat down to the first rude breeze that passes over the field after they have attained their growth. A later seeding and more yielding condition of the young plant would obviate several, perhaps all of these disagreeable results.

We remember some cases of "winter-kill," that occurred under our observation in Michigan, that are at least suggestive, and we consider them good testimony in favor of late seeding in that latitude.

There were three fields lying contiguous, having the same quality of soil and like cultivation, and were sown with wheat under the following circumstances: The three neighbors got in very early about one-half their wheat crop. Then all three took a fancy to have a three weeks' turn at the chills and fever, so that the balance of each field was sown, as they lamented, three weeks too late. There came on a severe freezing of the ground before any snow fell, a thaw and thorough breaking up soon followed, and in every field the early sowed portion was extensively, almost totally winter-killed, while the late seeding was comparatively uninjured, and produced a maximum crop.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

RYE-AND-INDIAN BREAD.—Good, lively rye flour, and coarsely ground *yellow* corn meal in equal quantities are the materials required. Put in the salt and yeast, and mix with warm water—sweetened with about four ounces of cheap brown sugar to two pounds of bread—just as you would a wheaten loaf. Then take a glazed earthen or stone jar, wide at the top, grease it thoroughly, and put into it the bread material, which should be rather a stiff batter than dough, as the meal will absorb a great deal of the moisture and make it thick enough before it is baked. Let it stand to rise one hour, and then bake with a cover over the jar, very slowly, from seven to eight hours. Rye-and-Indian bread made and baked in this way is far better than any of the Graham-bran-brown breads you can buy.

FRENCH PUFF PASTE.—Equal quantities of butter and flour, say 1 lb. each, ½ saltspoon salt, ½ pint water, full. Put the flour on the pastebboard, work lightly into it 2 oz. of the butter, and then make a hole in the centre; into this well put the yolks of 2 eggs well beaten, the salt and the water. Mix it all quite smooth and roll it out square to the thickness of ½ inch. Roll the butter into a ball and place it on the paste; fold the paste over the butter all round. Flatten the paste by rolling it lightly with the rolling-pin till it is quite thin, but not thin enough to allow the butter to break through; keep the board well dredged with flour. Now fold the paste in 3 and roll it out again, and if the weather be very warm put it in a cold place between the several turns. Do this 6 times. Now fold the paste in 2 and it will be ready for use. The paste must be firm in the first instance. If properly made it will rise in the oven 5 or 6 inches. To make it flaky, brush white of egg over each layer when rolled out.

GOLDEN PUDDING.—½ lb. bread crumbs, ½ lb. suet, ½ lb. marmalade, ½ lb. sugar, 4 eggs. Put the crumbs into a basin; mix them with the suet, which should be finely minced, the marmalade and sugar; beat the eggs to a froth; moisten the pudding with these; mix and pour it into a buttered mould or basin. Tie down with a floured cloth, and boil 2 hours. When turned out strew a little powdered sugar over.

P. S. For a plainer pudding, double the quantity of bread crumbs, and if too dry, add milk.

TO ICE OR GLAZE PASTRY.—Break an egg and beat the white. Then when the pastry is nearly baked brush it over with this, and put it back in the oven to glaze.

Selected.

RED CABBAGE STEWED.—Put half an ounce of butter into the stewpan, cut the cabbage very thin, and put it in, with a small slice of ham, half a pint of broth, and a gill of vinegar. Cover it closely, and let it stew for three hours. When extremely tender, add a little more broth, salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of pounded sugar. Mix all well together, and let them boil until the liquor is wasted. Dish up, and place fried sausages on the cabbage.

—— Cut a good red cabbage into thin slices cross-wise, these again into little pieces, which put into a stewpan, with a pint of rich gravy, a pound of sausages, and three or four slices of ham or bacon. Closely cover the stewpan, and let it stand half an hour on a moderate fire. Uncover it, skim off the fat, shake in some flour, and add two spoonful of vinegar, and cover it again. Let it stew four or five minutes longer, take out the sausages, and dish them, pouring the rest over them.

TELEGRAPH CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one and one-fourth of flour, two eggs, four tablespoonful of water, one teaspoon of soda, and one of cream tartar.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—Three eggs, three cups of wheat flour, three cups of unbolted flour, a little salt, one quart of milk. Bake quick. Some use sour cream and soda instead of sweet milk.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 80 letters.

My 7, 58, 13, 73, 30, 64, was the mount on which the ark rested.

My 46, 41, 54, 10, was one of the twelve sons of Jacob.

My 27, 56, 44, was the father of Joshua.

My 35, 77, 42, 51, was king of the Amalekites.

My 9, 48, 21, was our common mother.

My 4, 80, 16, 76, was a prophet.

My 24, 67, was an Egyptian city.

My 28, 62, 32, 1, 15, was the great-grandfather of Jacob.

My 68, 40, 58, 12, was a wilderness.

My 63, 38, 75, 39, is an ornament spoken of in the New Testament.

My 70, 26, 71, 49, 60, 69, 22, 56, 42, is one of the books of the Old Testament.

My 45, 53, 2, 19, 31, was a celebrated idol.

My 52, 66, 29, 3, 8, is a Jewish measure.

My 79, 47, 14, was the son of Abraham's brother.

My 34, 35, 5, 57, 74, 11, is one of the books called Apocrypha.

My 6, 59, 20, 75, 18, 65, was a man of Jezreel.

My 50, 55, 17, 36, 61, is one of the points of the compass.

My 37, 74, 39, 23, 72, 16, was one of the daughters of Laban.

My whole is one of Solomon's sayings.

Pea Ridge Farm, Ohio. EVA.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I'm seen on the crest of the mad ocean wave,
I'm attached to the fate of the down-trodden slave;
I am found in hell, where the fiercest flames glare,
When the first resurrection begins I'll be there.

I am oft times seen on the dread field of strife,
Invariedly found where sweet peace is rife.
Am heard in the deafening crashes of thunder;
My soul delighteth in pillage and plunder.

I visit the dens of the leopard and [illegible]
Repose with the timid and innocent [illegible];
I dwell among preachers, live among [illegible];
In the harvests of plenty I frequent the shearers.

And you'll find, if you search all over creation,
That I form the tie of each prosperous nation;
Though now in hell, a promise is given,
That eternity will find me safely in heaven.

Steeles, Ia. JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

☞ An answer is requested

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

See my first 'mid storm of battle,
Swift to aim the fatal dart,
Yet it rules our gentle virtues,
Lives in every feeling heart.
Firm in the right—my second stands
A friend to Grace—the Christian's guide.
And yet it's always linked with Treason,
Ever leans to Error's side.
The grand in Nature claims my third,
The rugged mountain's towering height,
Yet from it every pleasure springs,
And music gains its chief delight.
My fourth, amid the busy mart,
The noisy city's bustling throng,
Though doubly tempted, wavers not—
Choosing the right, avoiding wrong.
To soothe and cheer the hour of Death,
Unto my last the task is given.
It lingers on the parting breath,
The last of earth—the guide to heaven.

My whole, though stretched and trampled on,
And otherwise assailed,
Will rise again in stern rebuke—
A power that will prevail.

West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

☞ An answer is requested from P. H. Walter, Northampton county.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city of France.
A kind of coffee.
A large river of Asia.
A province of Belgium.
A boy's name.
A cloth measure.
My initials and finals form two colors.

S. H. G.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A shell being thrown from a mortar, at an elevation of 30 degrees, the report of its fall was heard at the mortar just 20 seconds after the explosion. Required, the length of the range. GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What conundrums are always at home? Ans.—Those that are never found out?

☞ Why is a bald head like heaven? Ans. Because there's no parting there.

☞ When does an Irishman most resemble a Scotchman? Ans.—Why, of course, when he's kilt entirely.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Burlington, Vermont. ENIGMA—Ornithorhynchus. CHARADE—Rosemary. RIDDLE—Cod.

Answer to PROBLEM by S. Horace G., Aug. 5th:—3 ft., 10¾ in., side of inscribed square.—J. M. Greenwood.

To S. Horace G.'s, Aug. 12th:—263 8944 cubic feet.—J. M. Greenwood, Morgan Stevens.

To Gill Bates's PRIZE PROBLEM, same date: 17.235, and 10,258.

To A. S. Davis's, Aug. 19th:—Diameter, 26.12789 inches, and holds 39,838 gallons.—J. M. Greenwood. Diameter, 32.058 inches, and holds 74.68 gallons.—Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's, same date:—26,950 feet, greatest velocity per second, and 42 minutes, 14¼ seconds, time of falling through the earth.—J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to R. M. Lovell's, same date:—48 years.—S. Everett and J. M. Greenwood.